



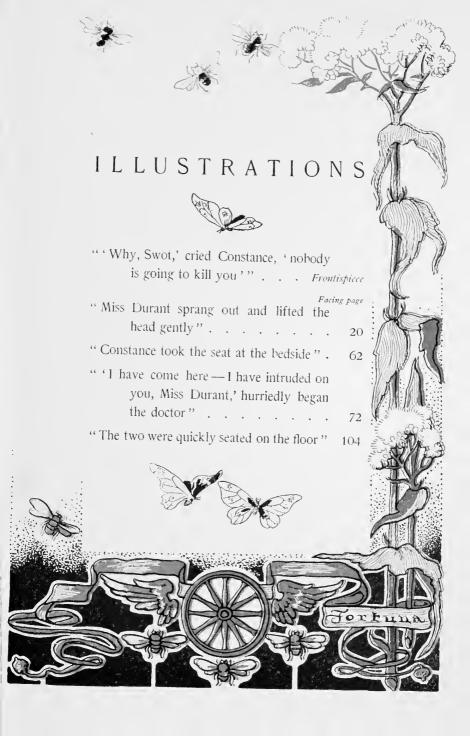
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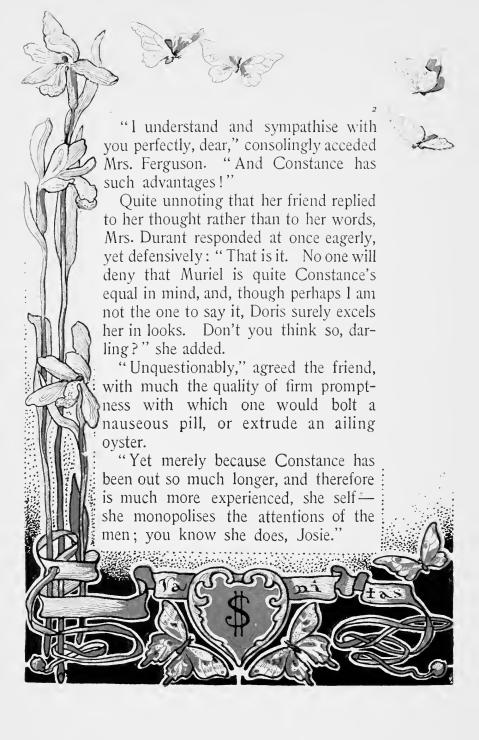


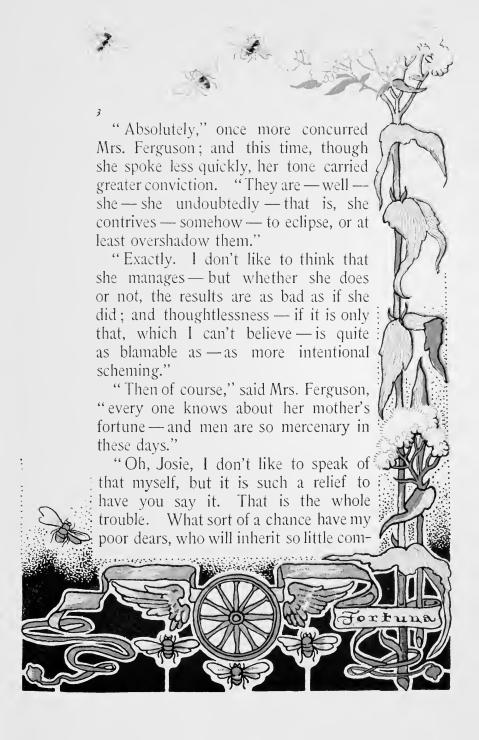


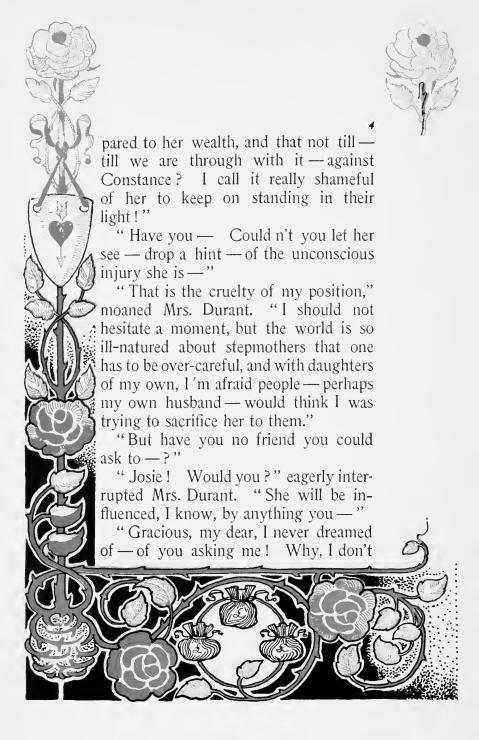


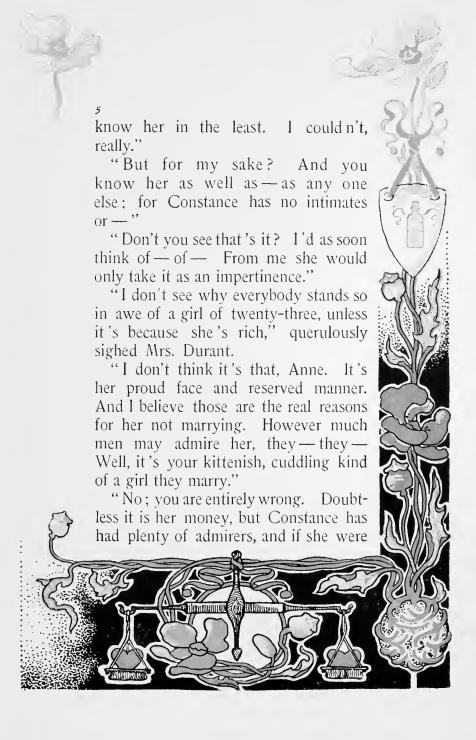
"YOU understand, Josie, that I would n't for a moment wish Constance to marry without being in love, but—"

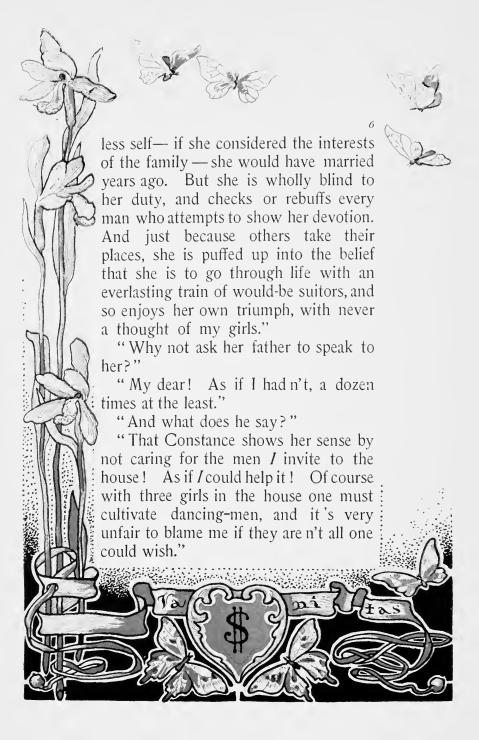
Mrs. Durant hesitated long enough to convey the inference that she was unfeminine enough to place a value on her own words, and then, the pause having led to a change, or, at least, modification of what had almost found utterance, she continued, with a touch of petulance which suggested that the general principle had in the mind of the speaker a special application, "It is certainly a great pity that the modern girl should be so unimpressionable!"

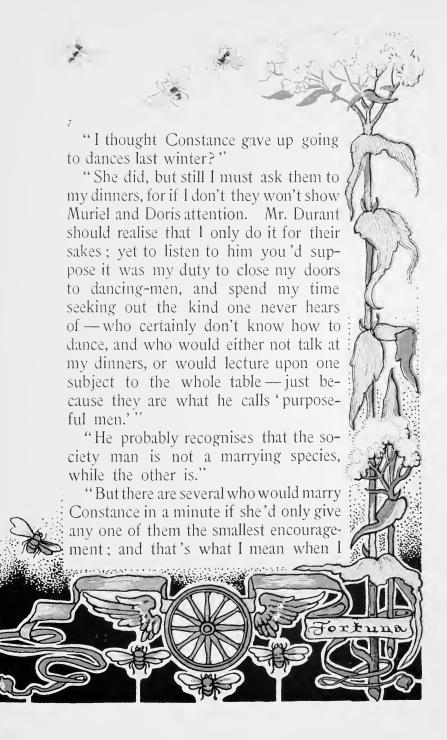




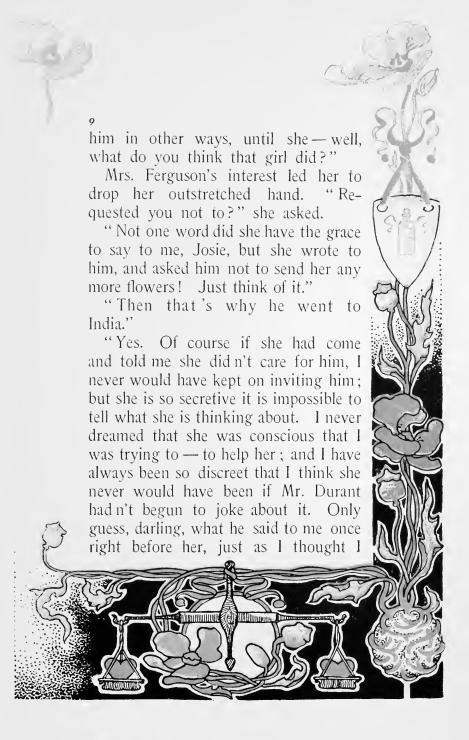


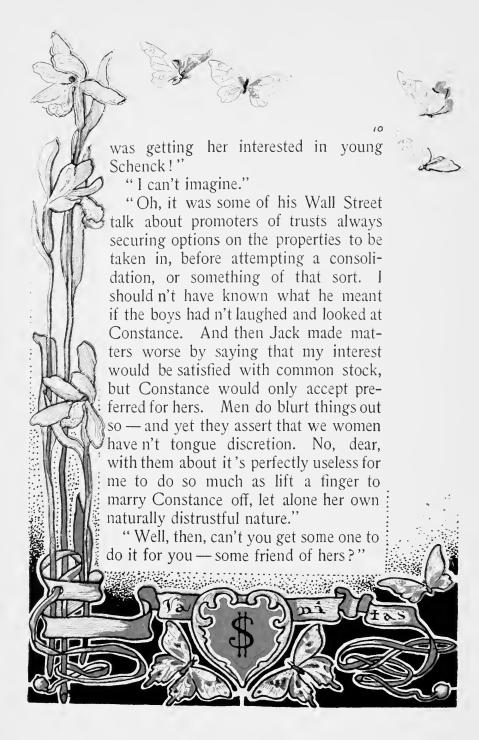


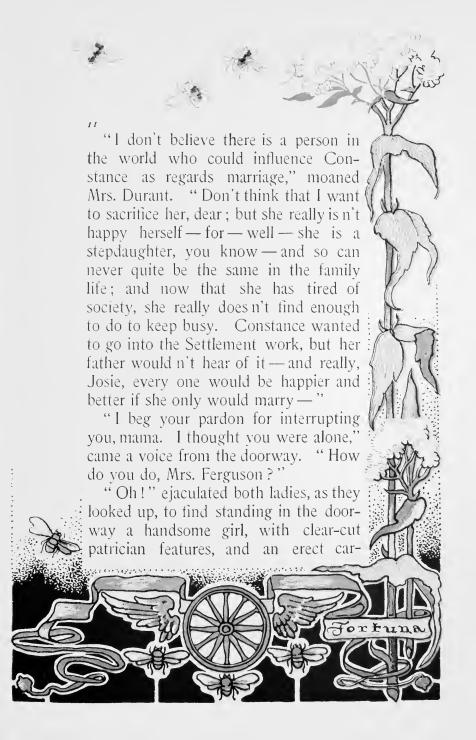


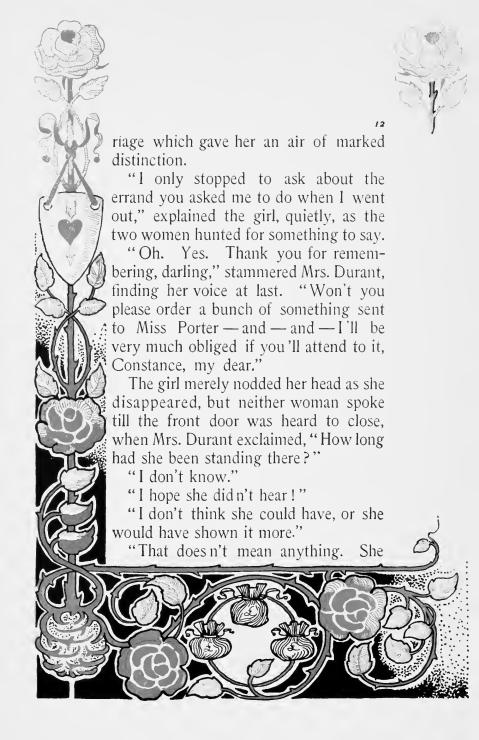


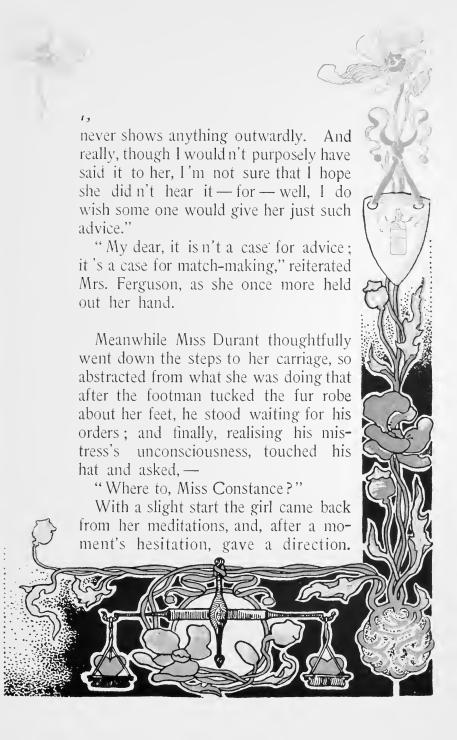


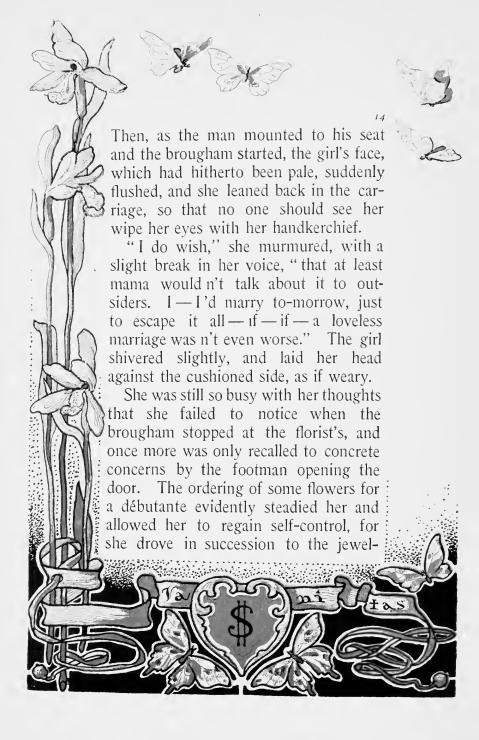




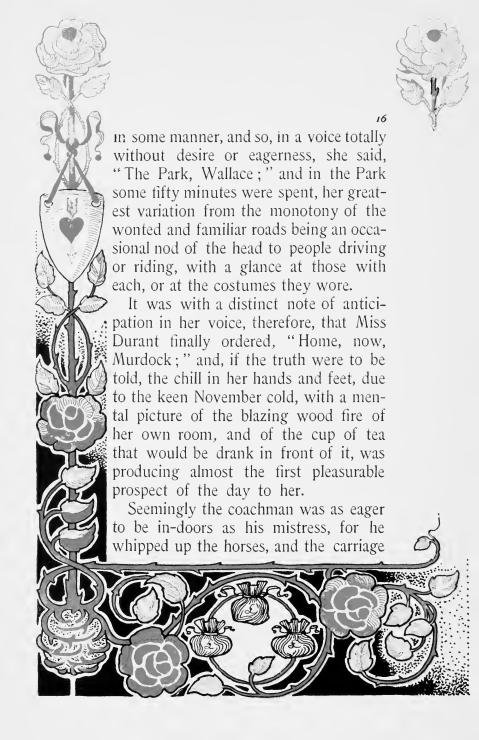


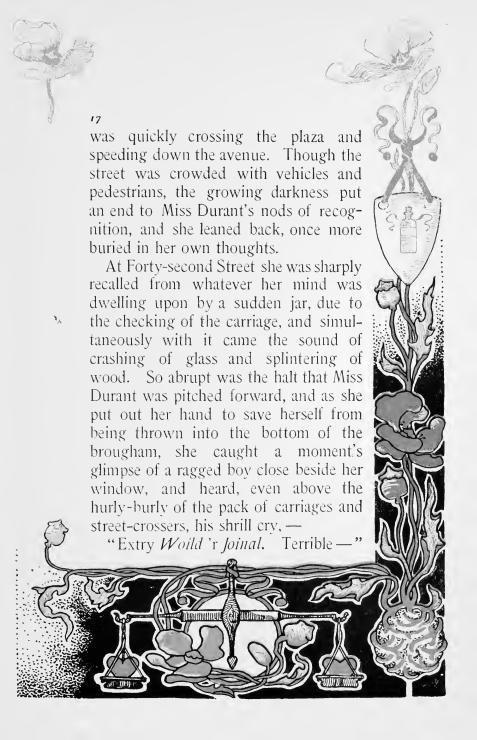


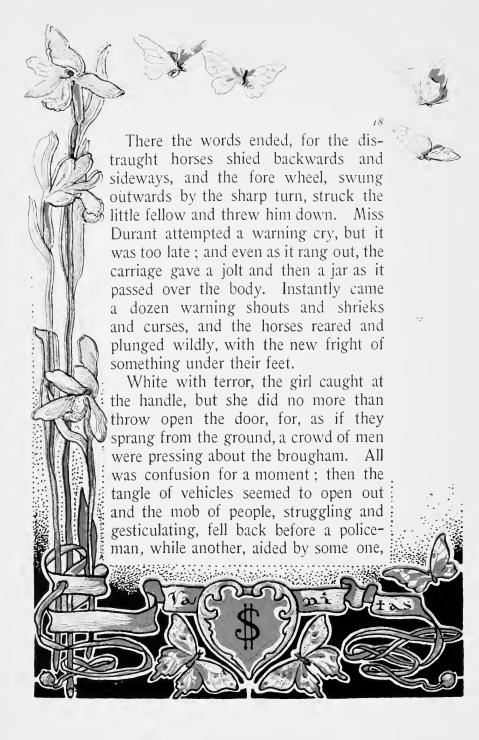


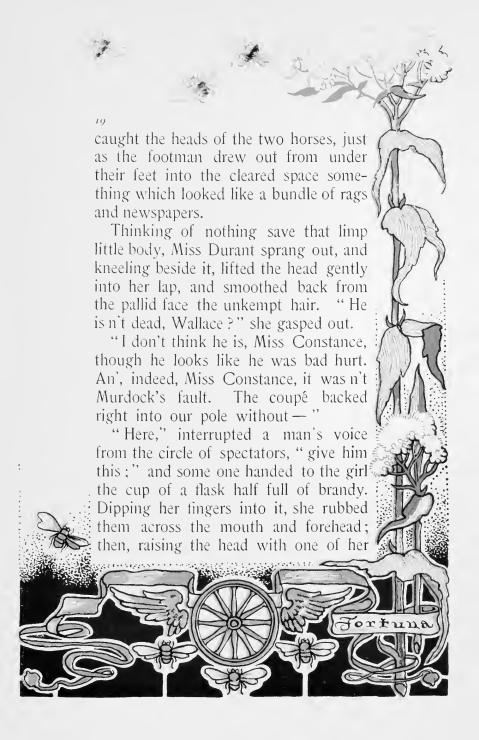


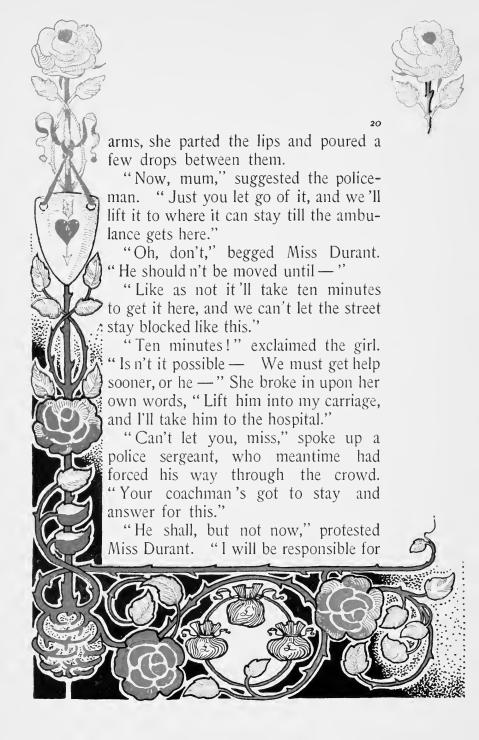
15 ler's to select a wedding gift, and to the dressmaker's for a fitting, at each place giving the closest attention to the matter in hand. These nominal duties, but in truth pleasures, concluded, nominal pleasures, but in truth duties, succeeded them, and the carriage halted at four houses long enough to ascertain that the especial objects of Miss Durant's visits "begged to be excused," or were "not at home," each of which pieces of information, or, to speak more correctly, the handing in by the footman, in response to the information, of her card or cards, drew forth an unmistakable sigh of relief from that young lady. dently Miss Durant was bored by people, and this to those experienced in the world should be proof that Miss Durant was, in fact, badly bored by herself. One consequence of her escape, however, was that the girl remained with an hour which must be got through with Fortuns









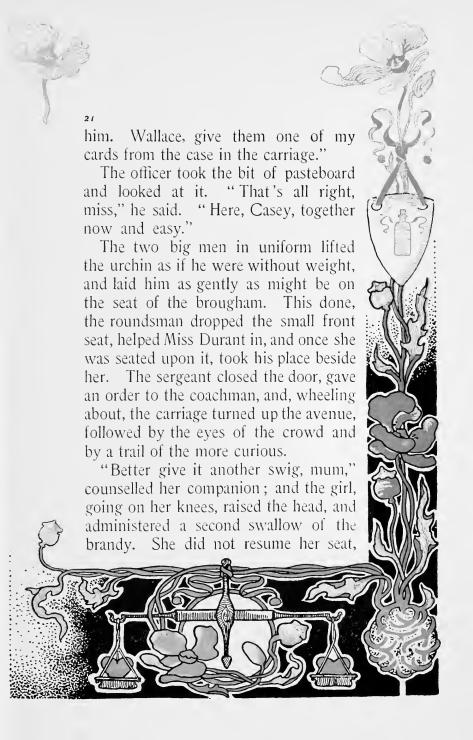


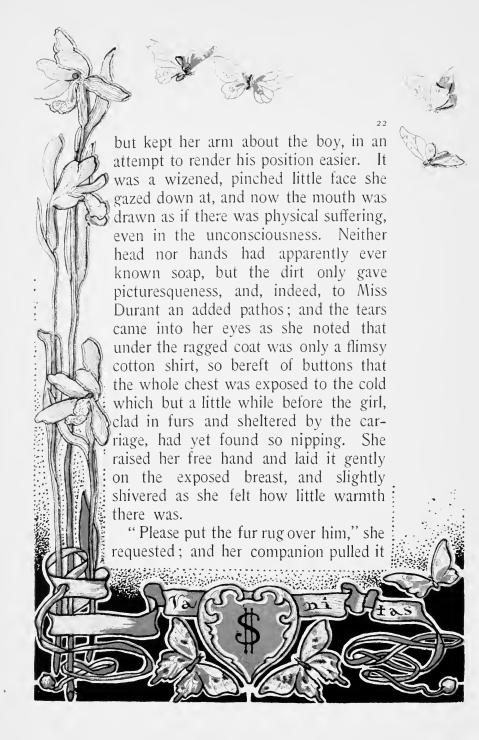


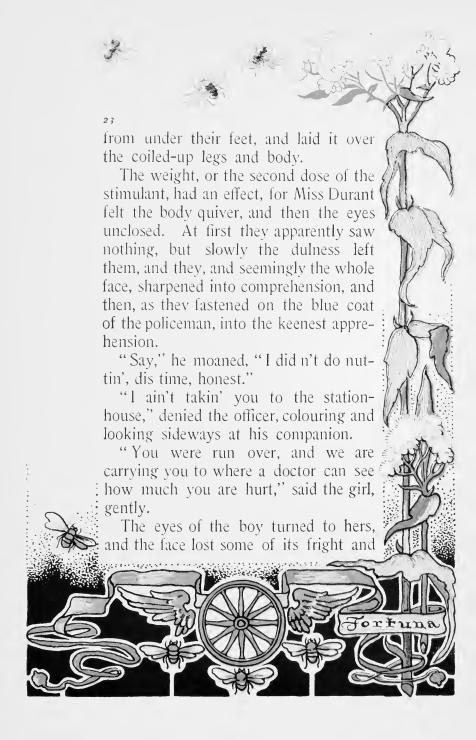


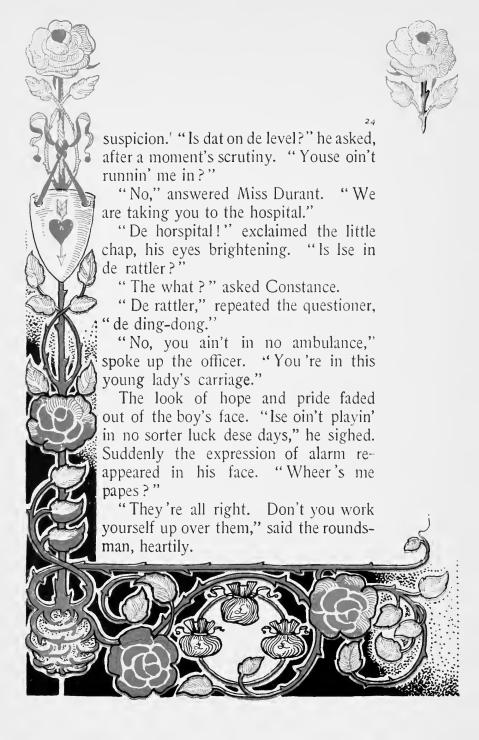


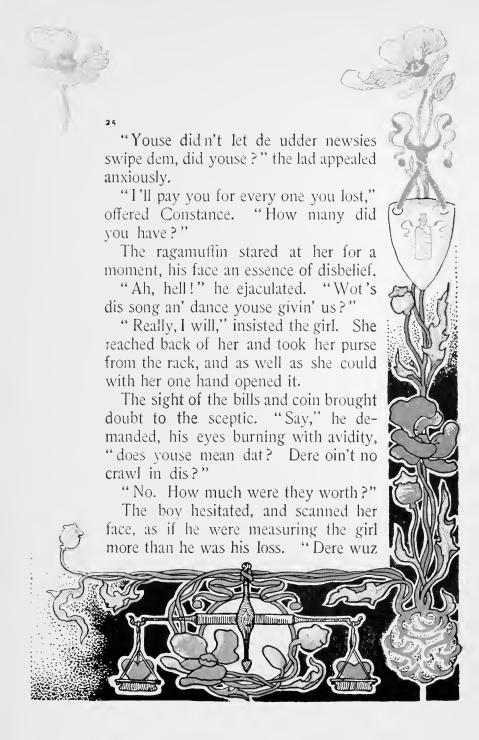


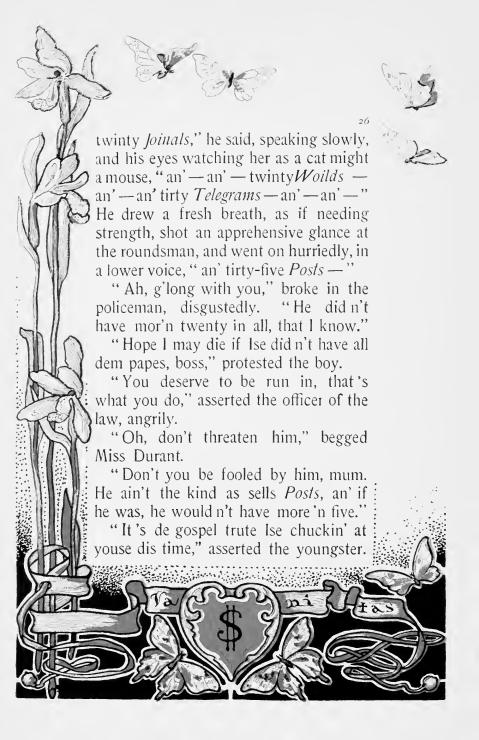


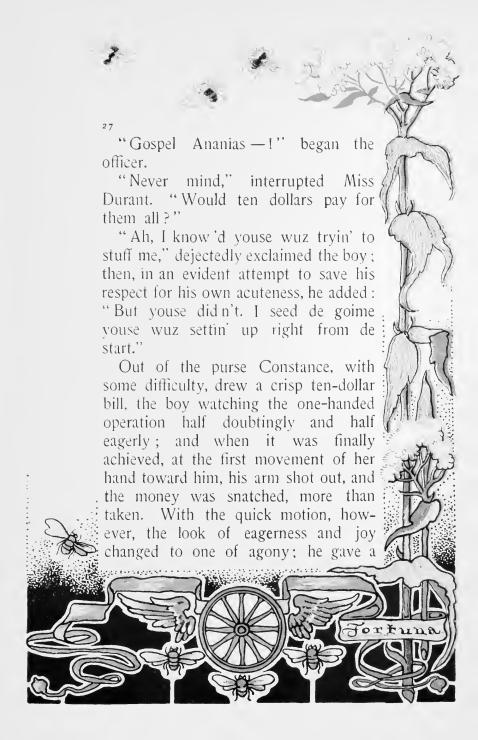


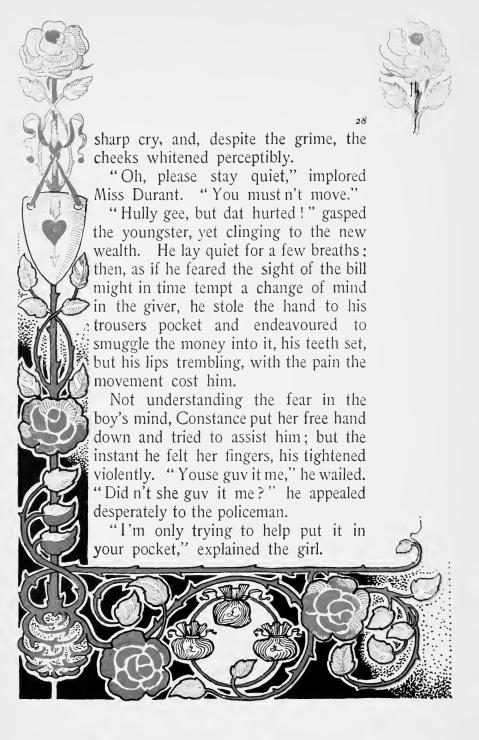


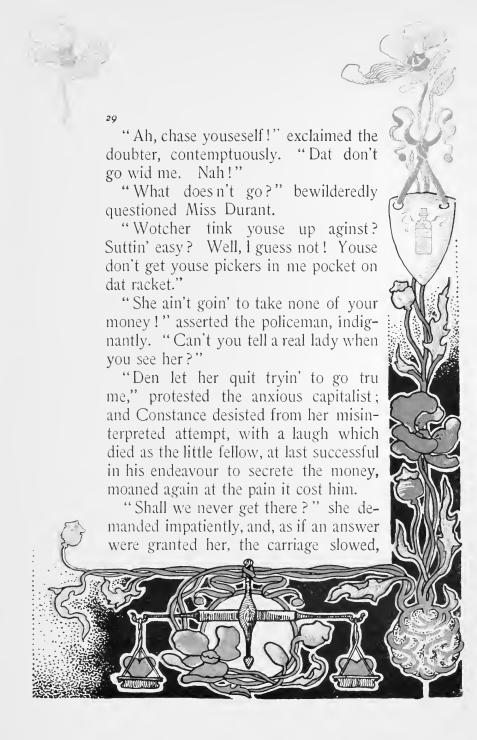


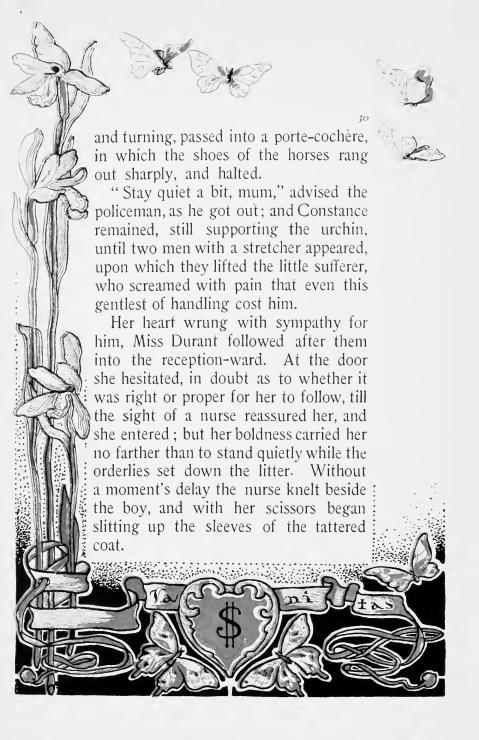


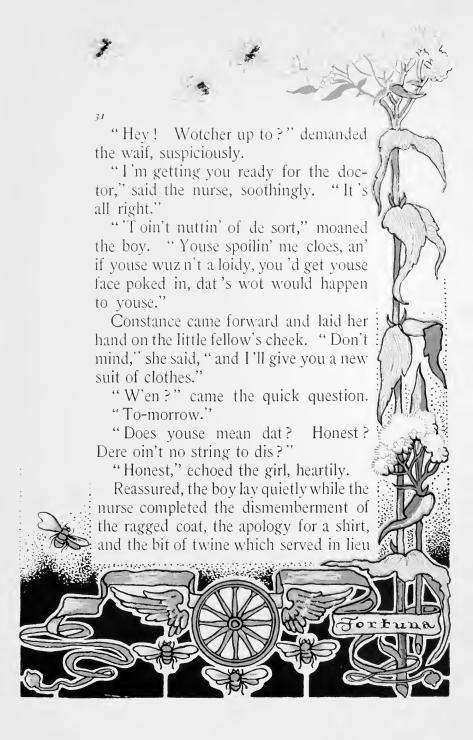


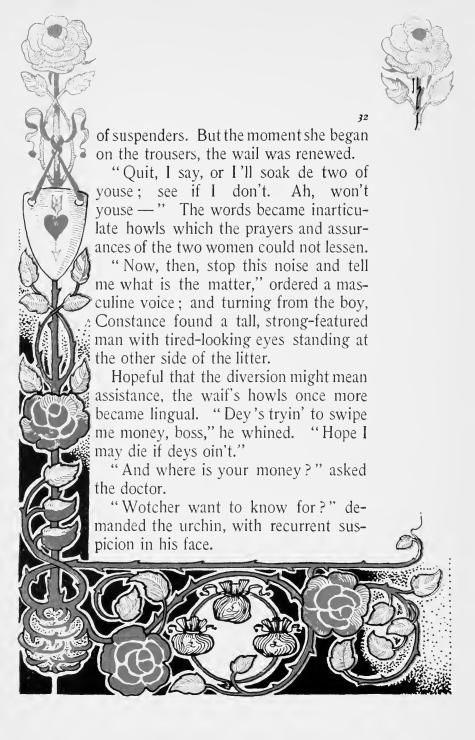












"It's in the pocket of his trousers, Dr. Armstrong," said the nurse.

Without the slightest attempt to reassure the boy, the doctor forced loose the boy's hold on the pocket, and inserting his hand, drew out the ten-dollar bill and a medley of small coins.

"Now," he said, "I've taken your money, so they can't. Understand?"

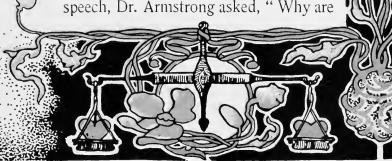
The urchin began to snivel.

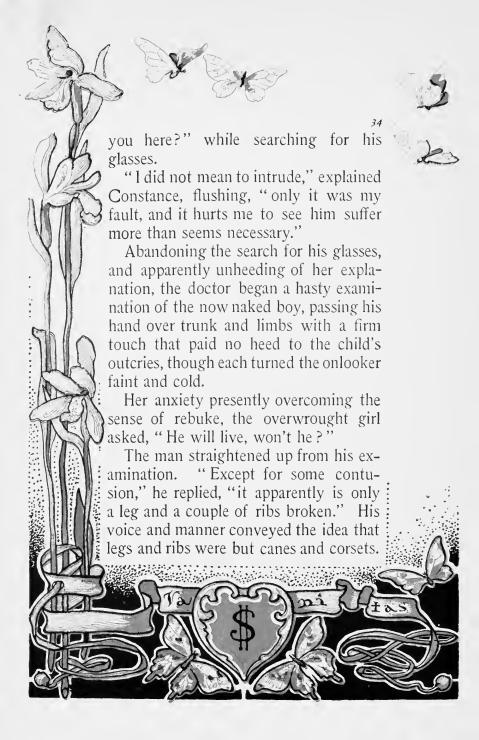
"Ah, you have no right to be so cruel to him," protested Miss Durant. "It's perfectly natural. Just think how we would feel if we did n't understand."

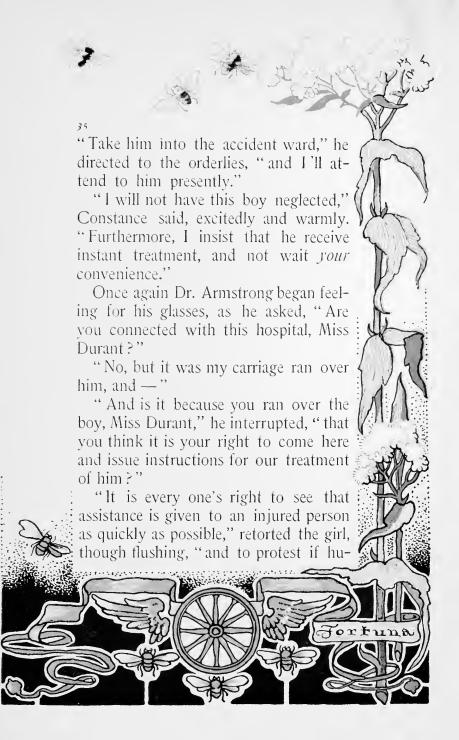
The doctor fumbled for his eye-glasses, but not finding them quickly enough, squinted his eyelids in an endeavour to see the speaker. "And who are you?" he demanded.

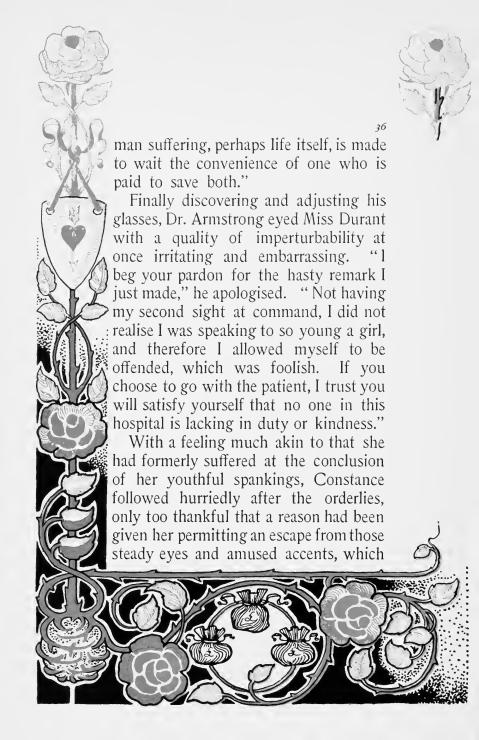
"Why, I am — that is —I am Miss Durant, and —" stuttered the girl.

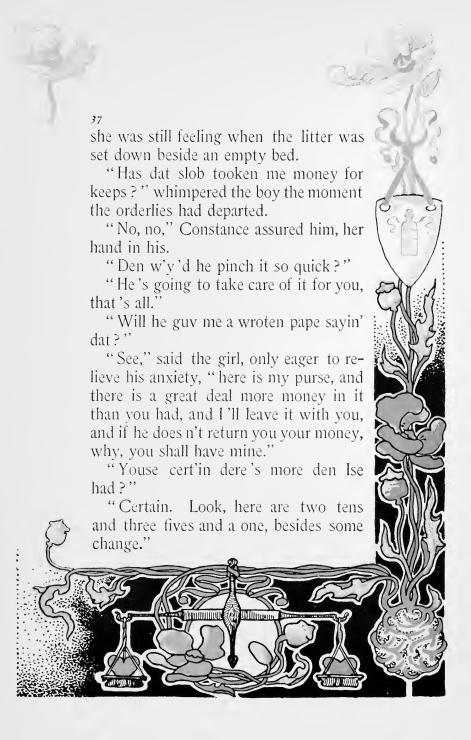
Not giving her time to finish her speech, Dr. Armstrong asked, "Why are

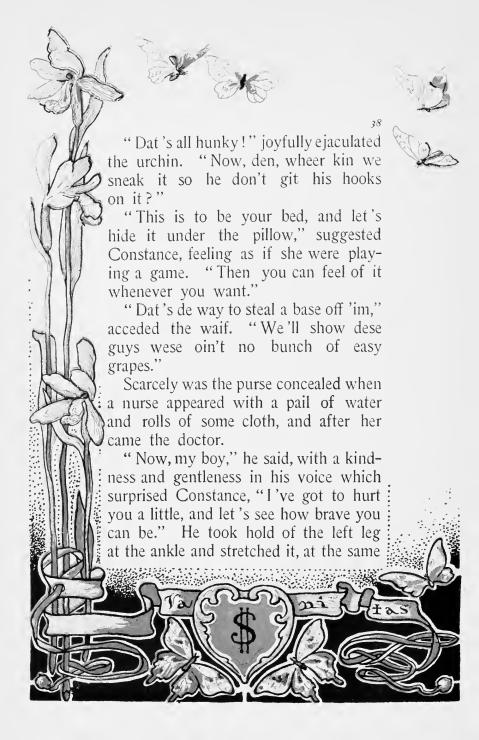


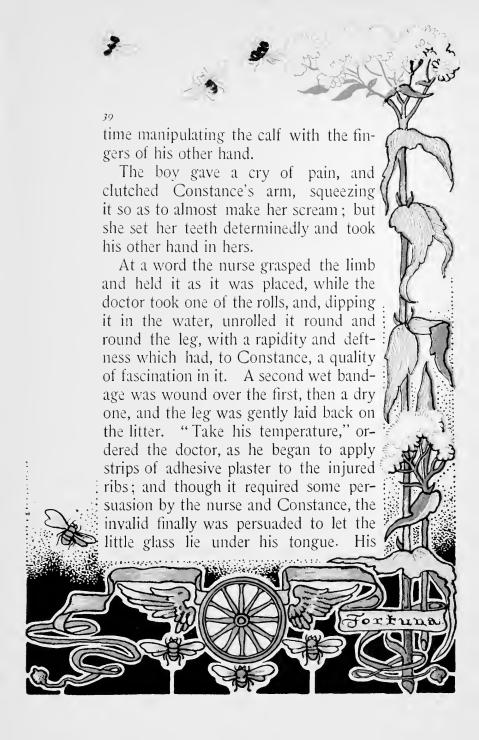


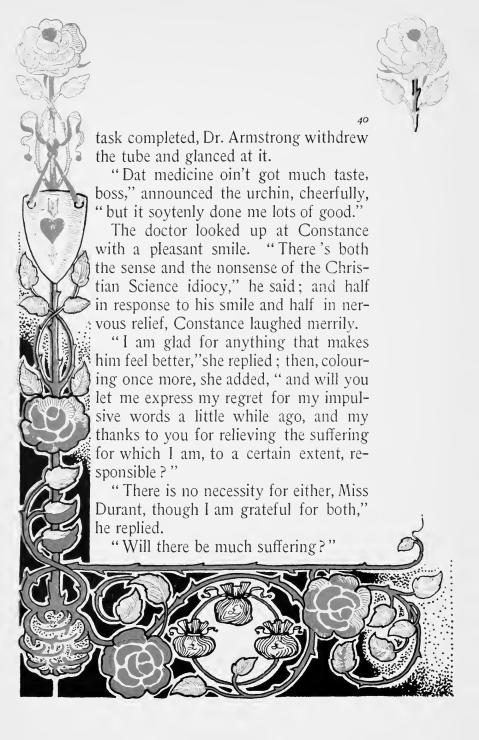


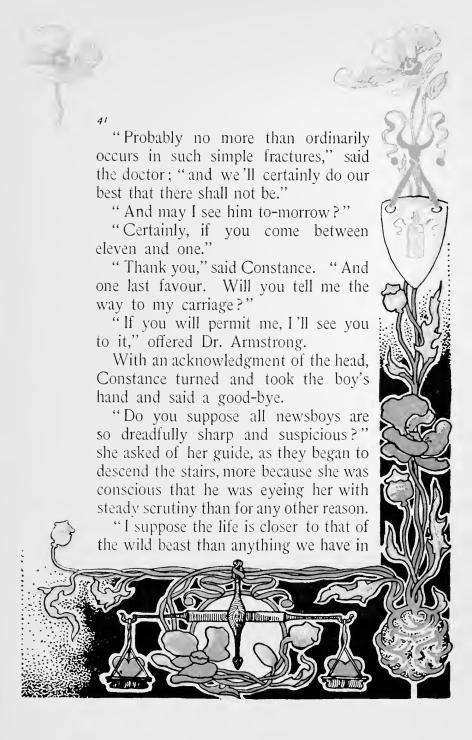


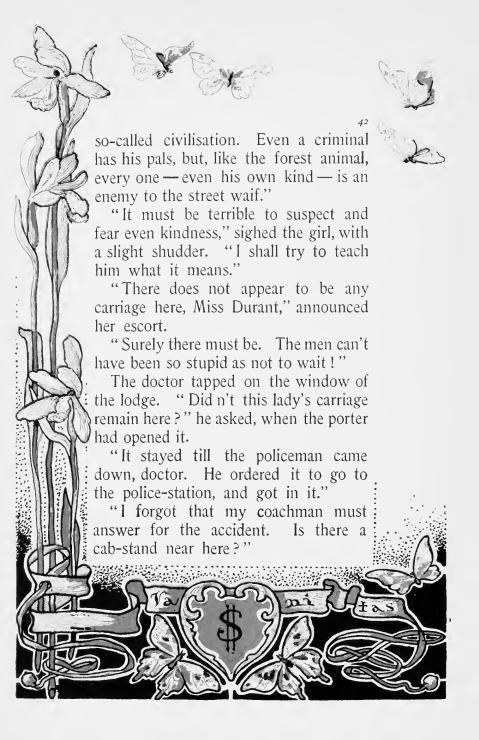


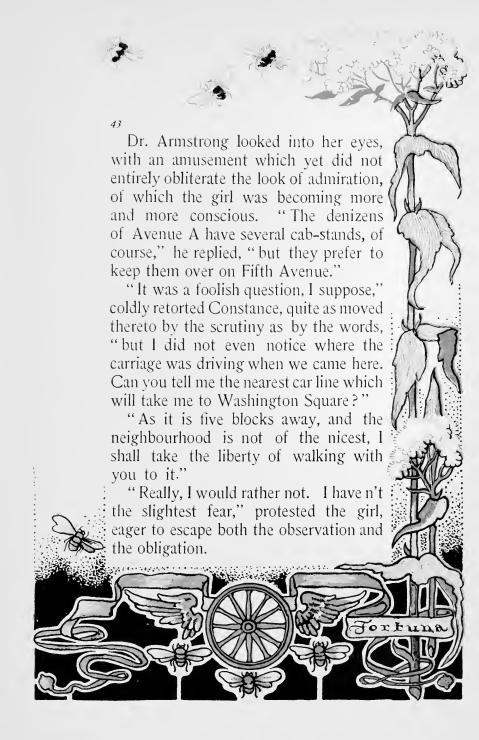


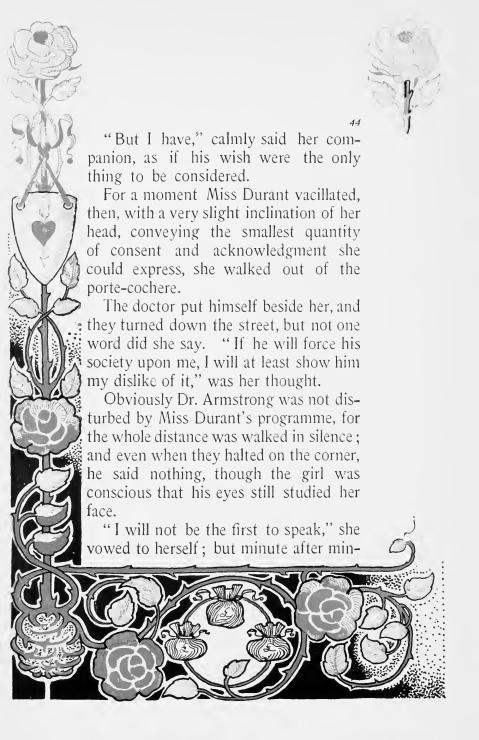












ute passed without the slightest attempt or apparent wish on his part, and finally she asked, "Are you sure this line is running?"

Her attendant pointed up the street. "That vellow light is your car. I don't know why the intervals are so long this

evening. Usually—"

He was interrupted by the girl suddenly clutching at her dress, and then giving an exclamation of real consternation.

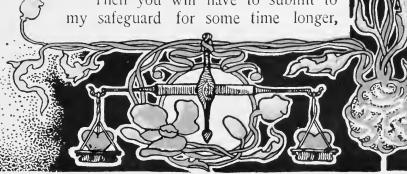
"What is it?" he guestioned.

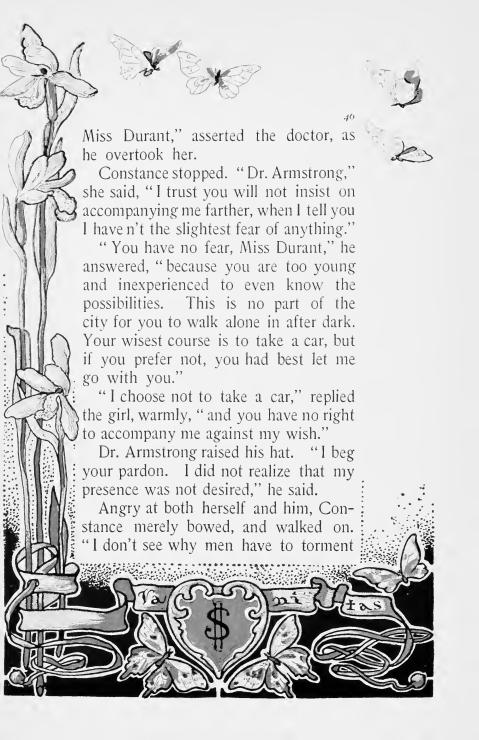
"Why, I — nothing — that is, I think - I prefer to walk home, after all," she stammered.

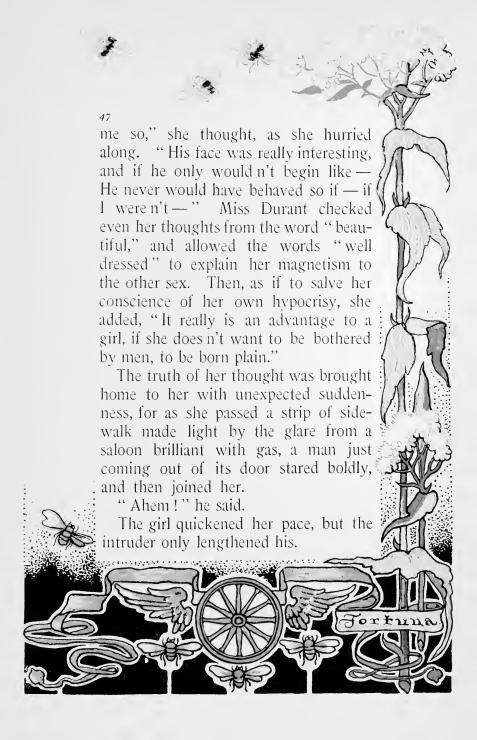
"You must n't do that. It's over two miles, and through a really rough district."

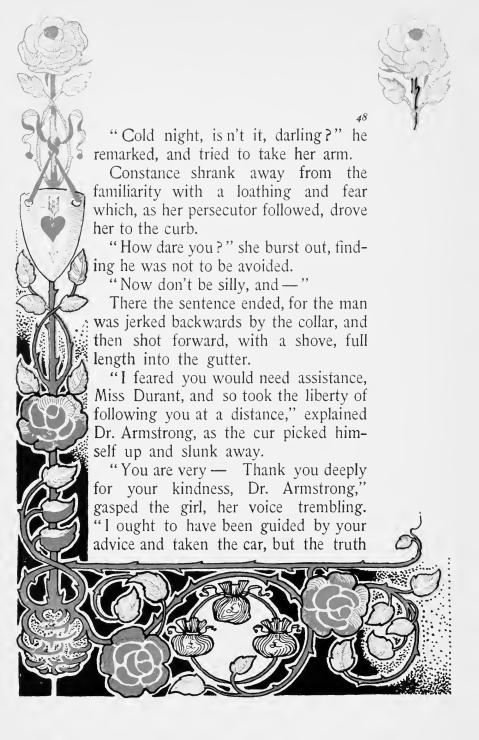
"I choose to, none the less," answered Constance, starting across the street.

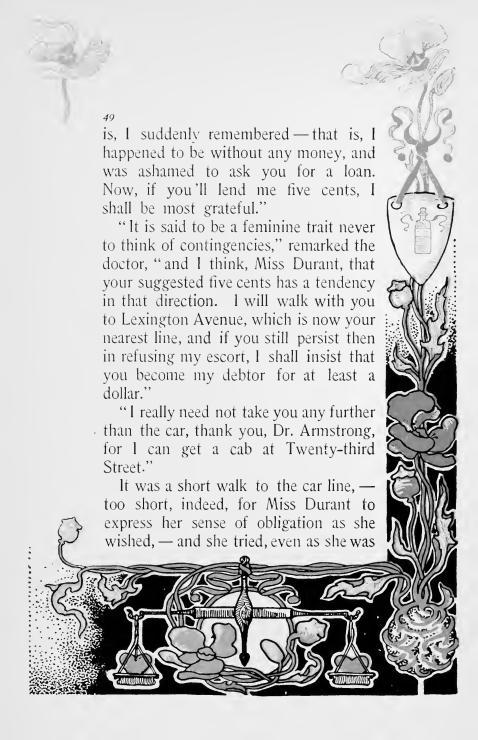
"Then you will have to submit to

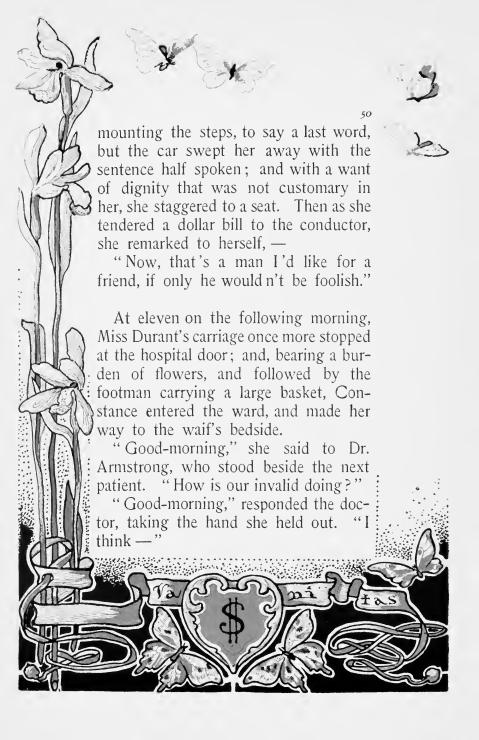


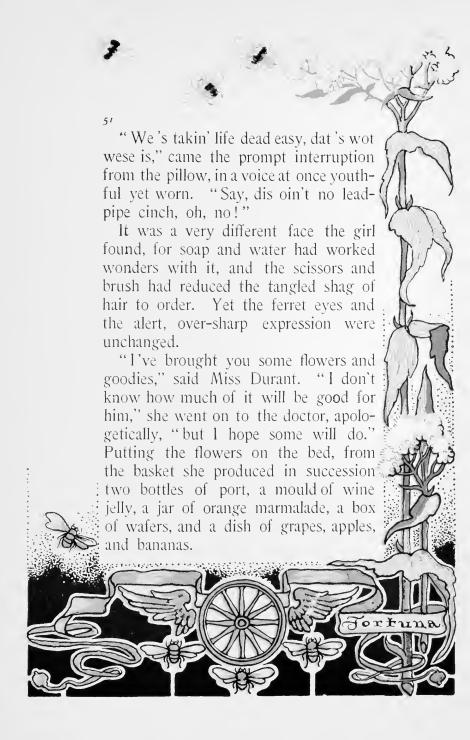


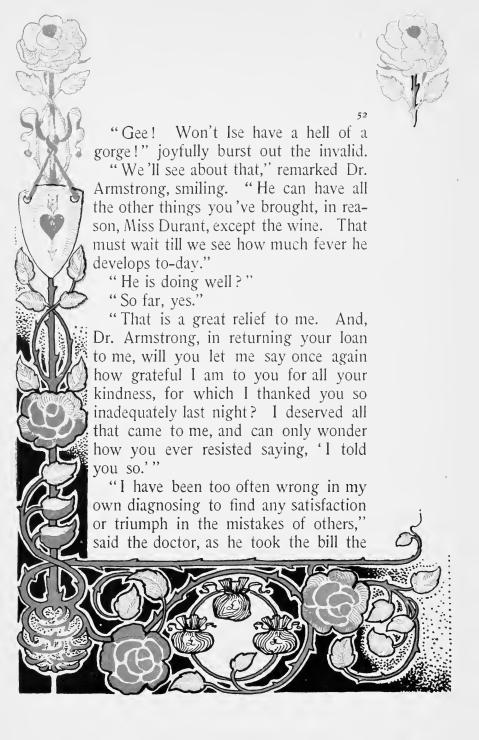


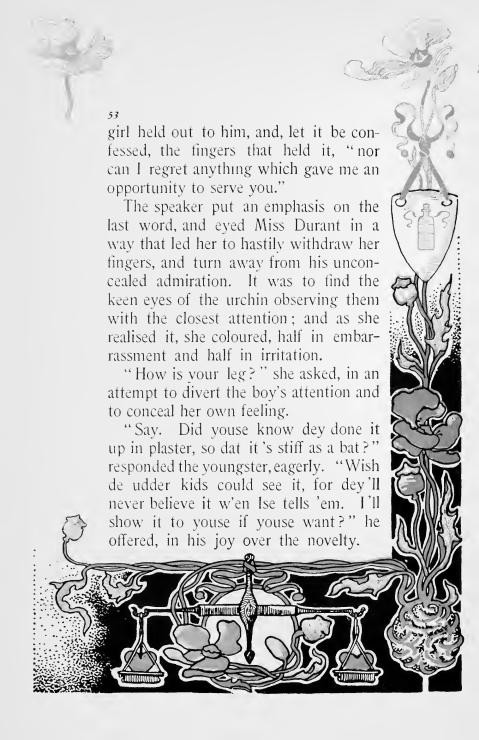


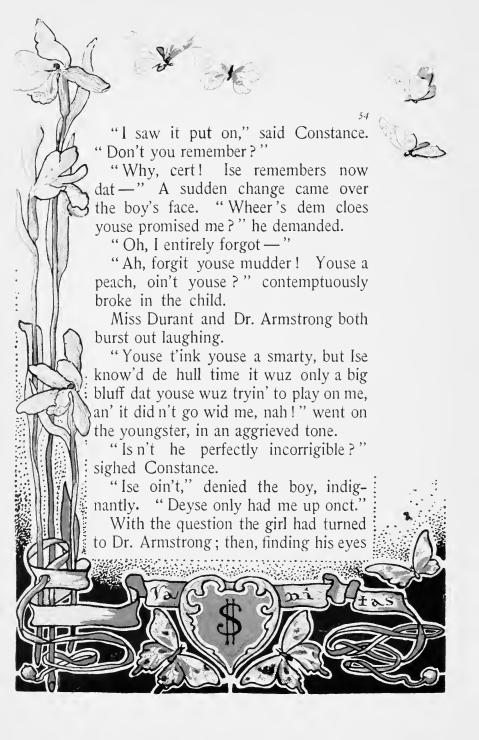


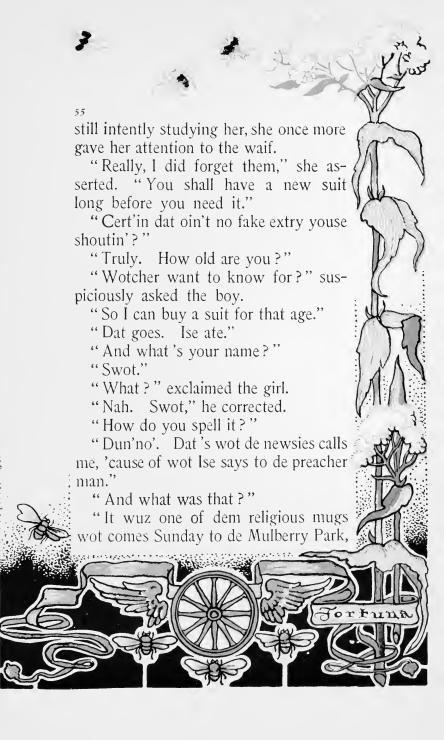


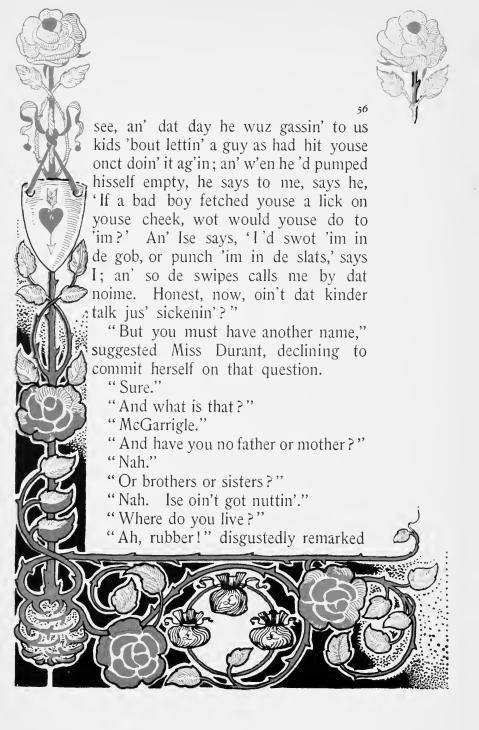


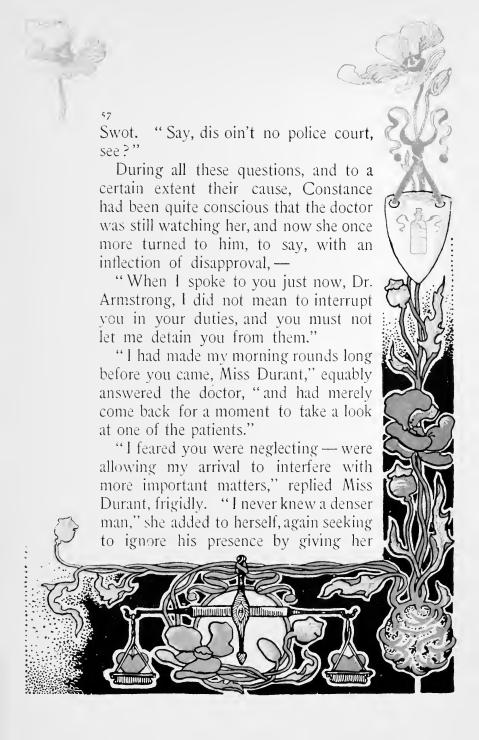


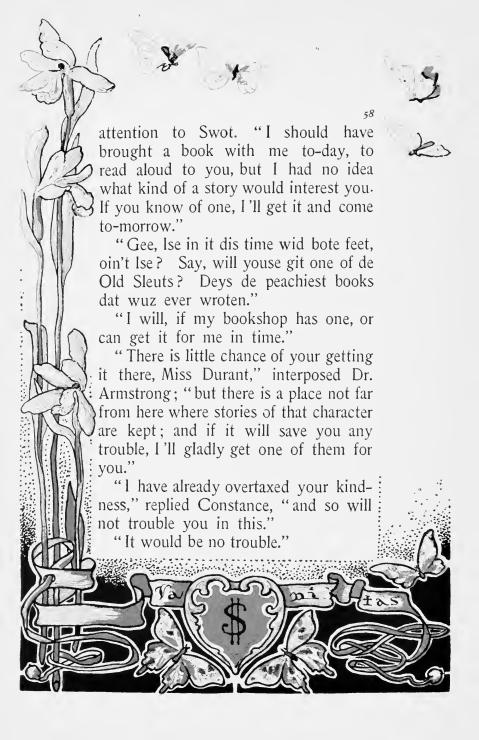


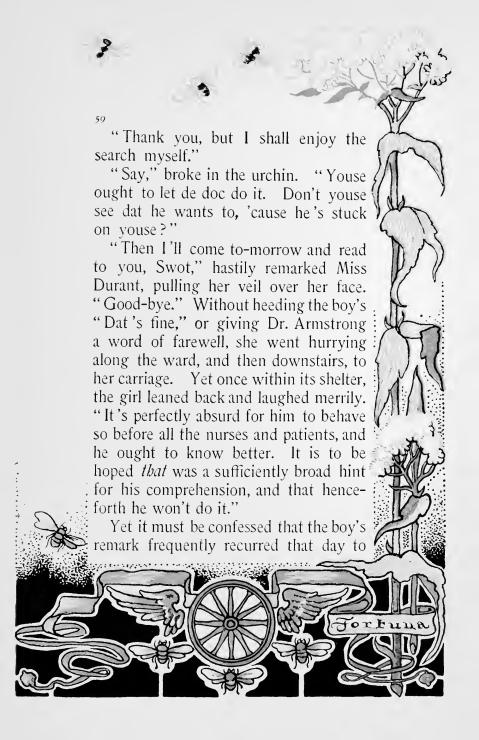


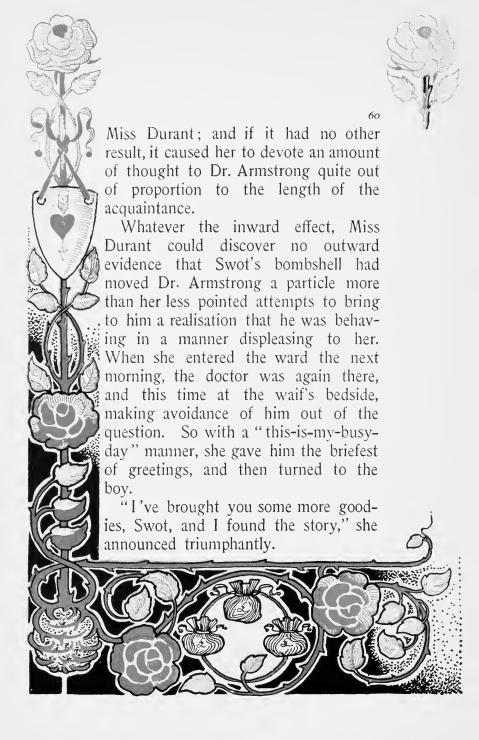


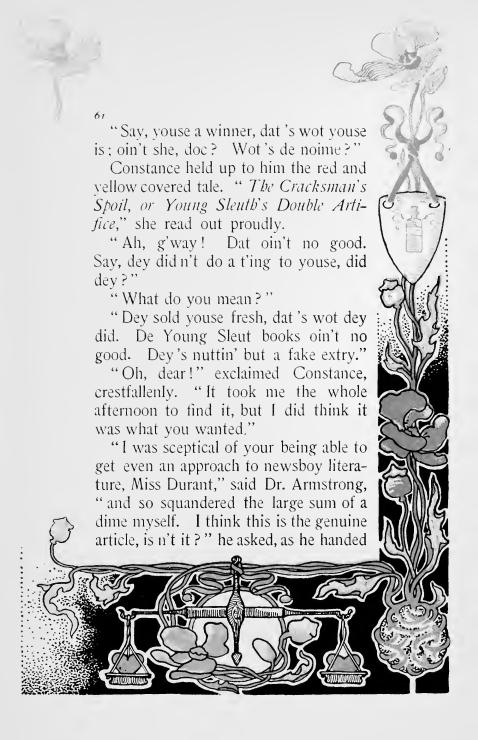


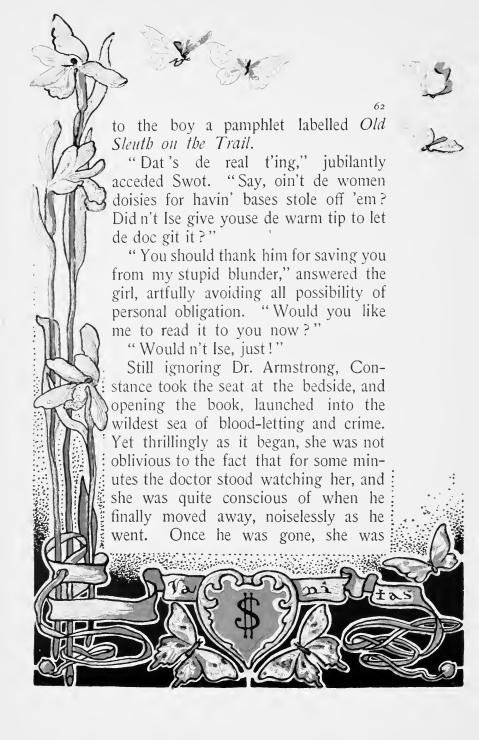










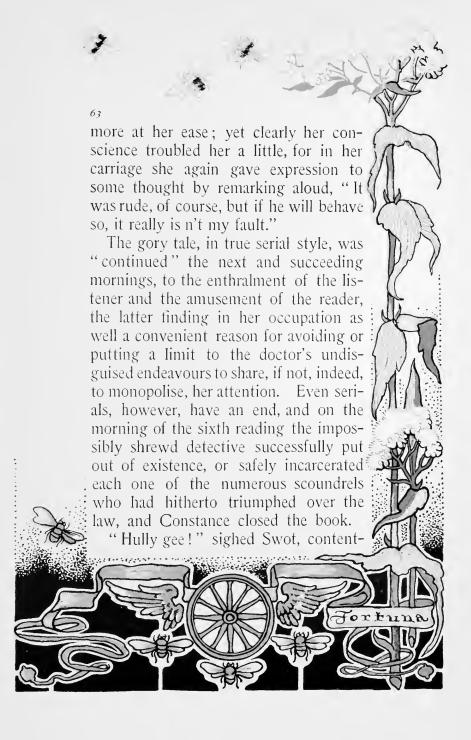


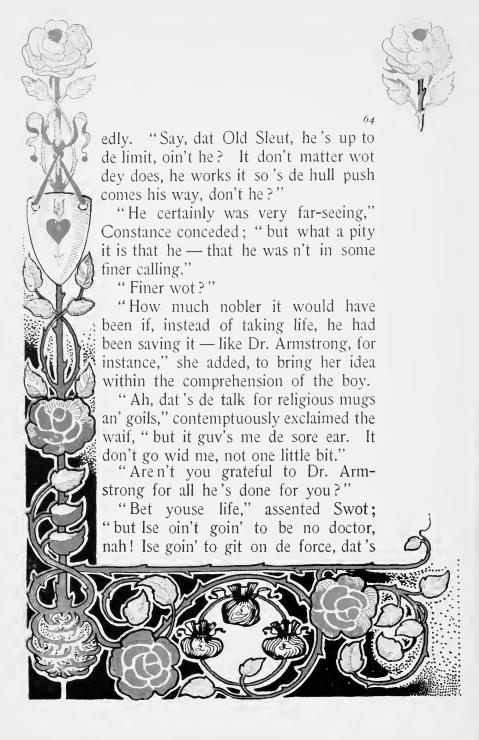


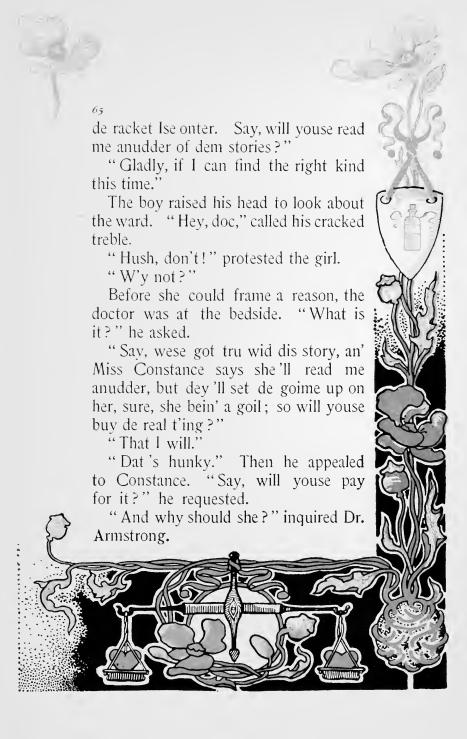
[&]quot;Constance took the seat at the bedside."

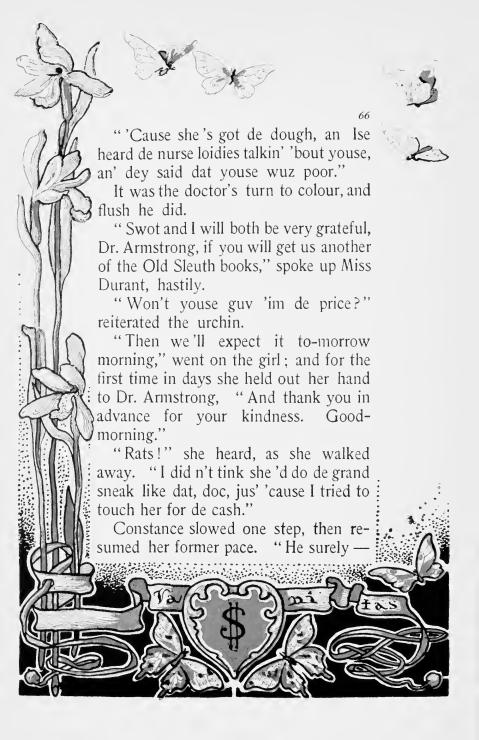


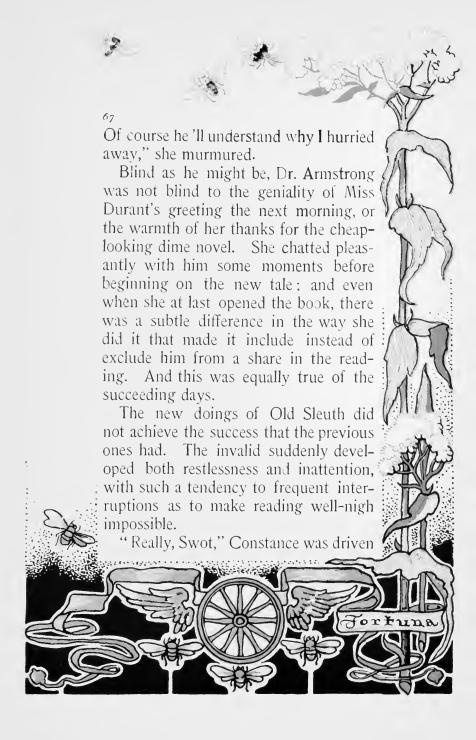
___ Howard Channer Christy . 1900: _

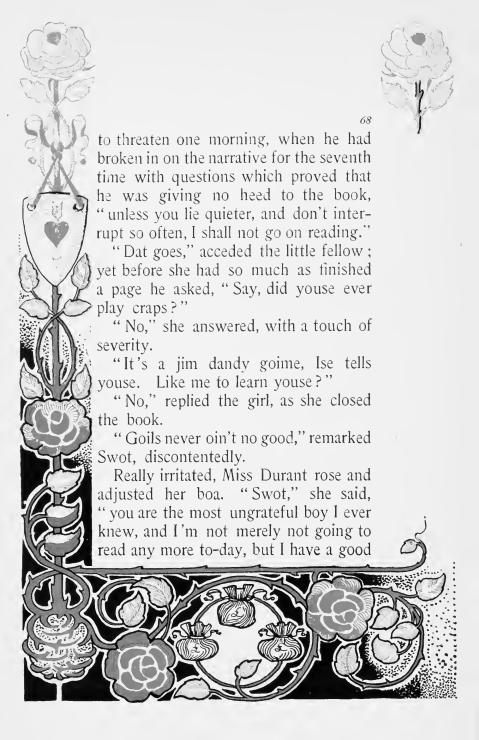


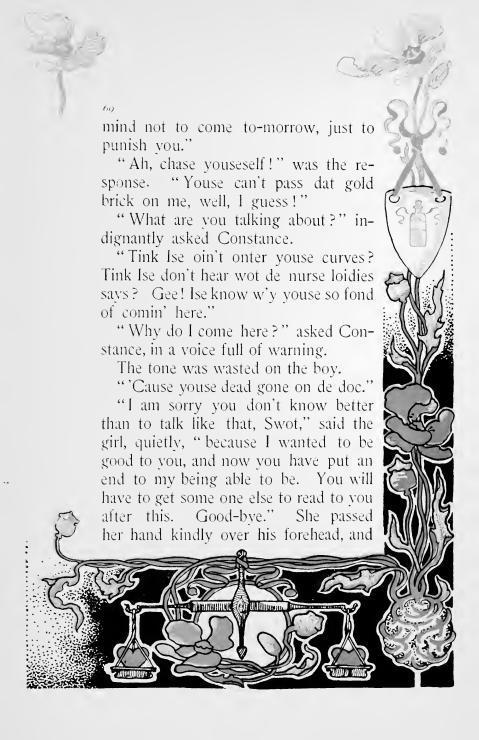


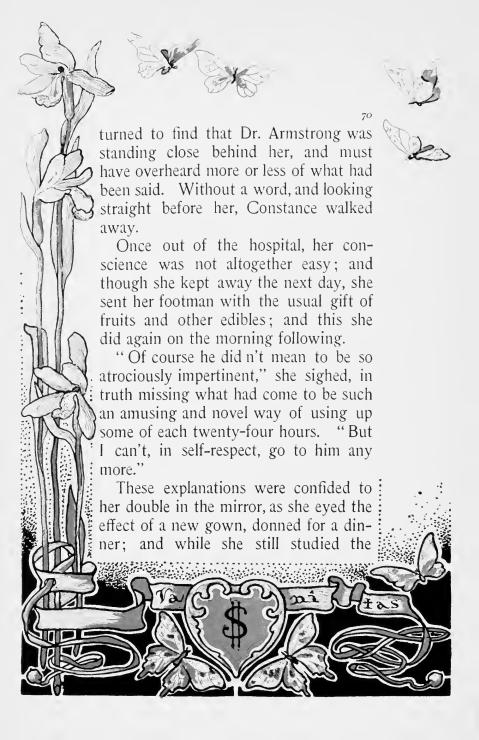


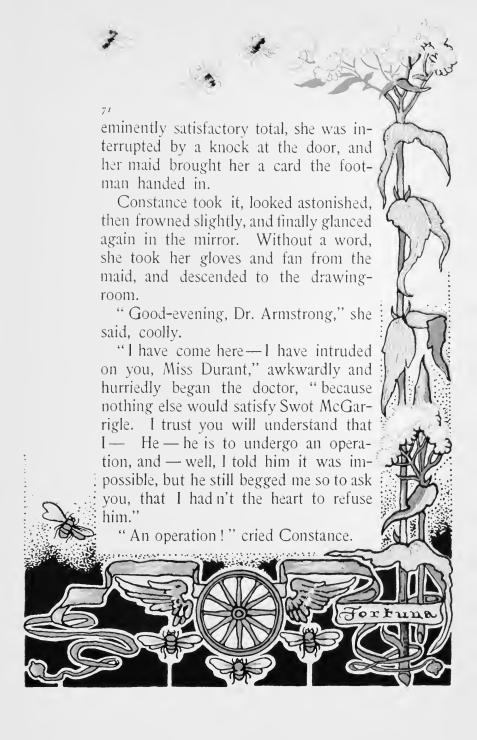


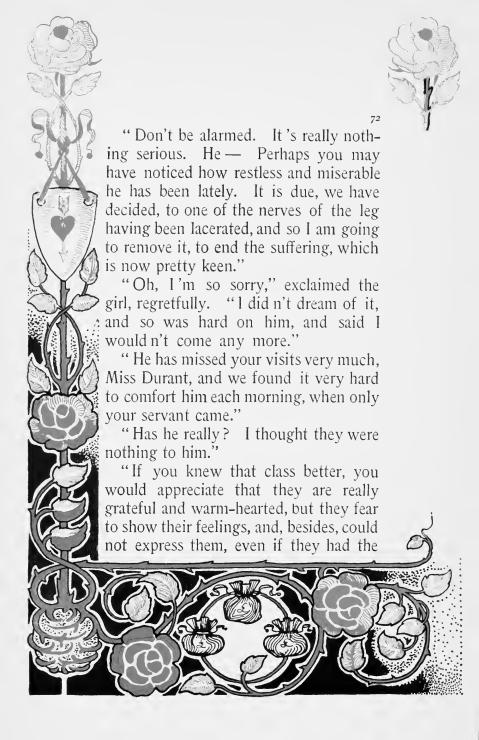










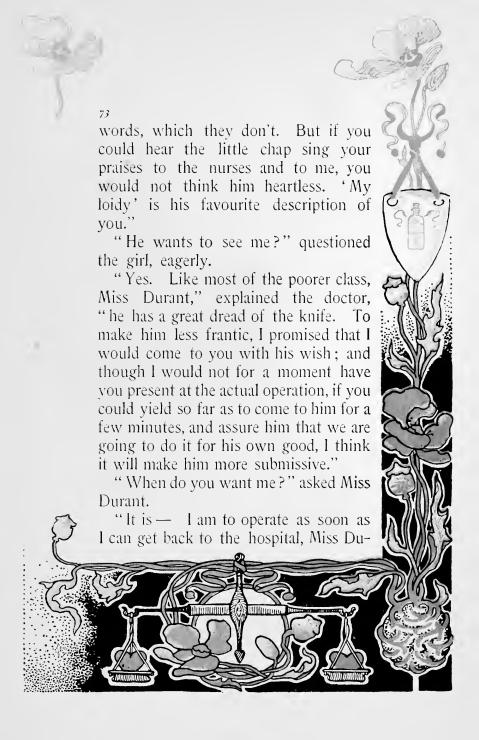


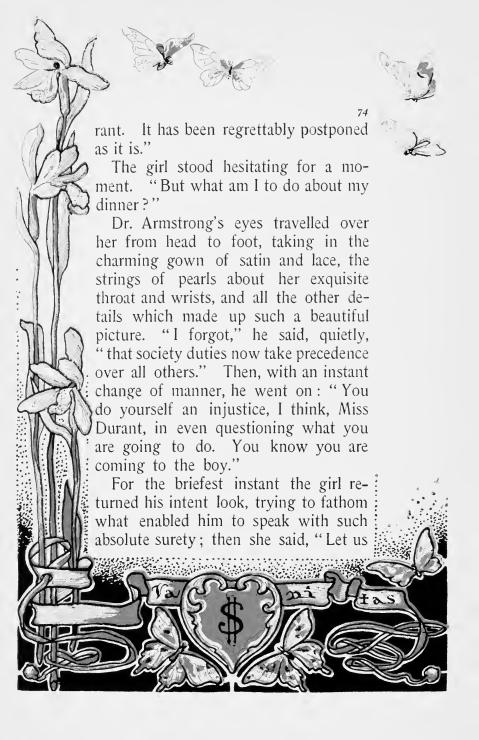


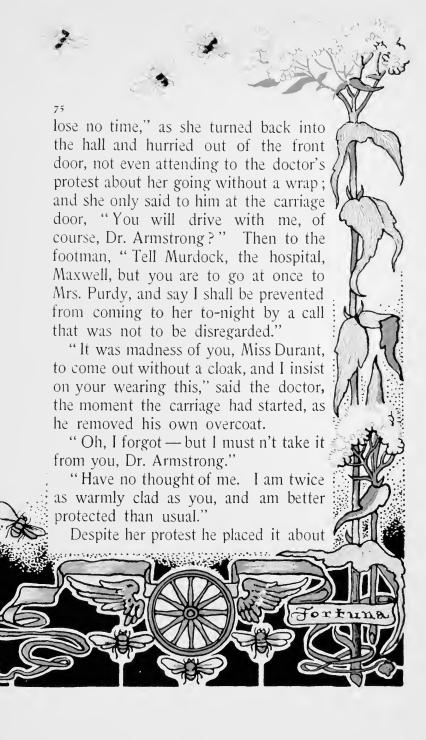
[&]quot;'I have come here — I have intruded on you, Miss Durant,"
burriedly began the doctor."

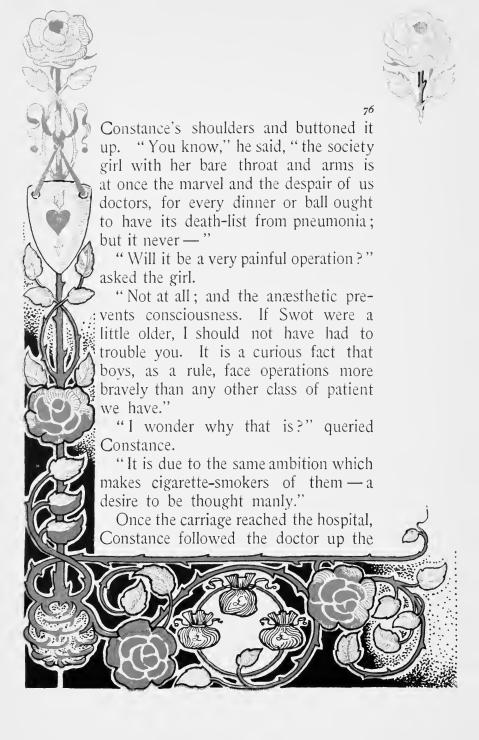


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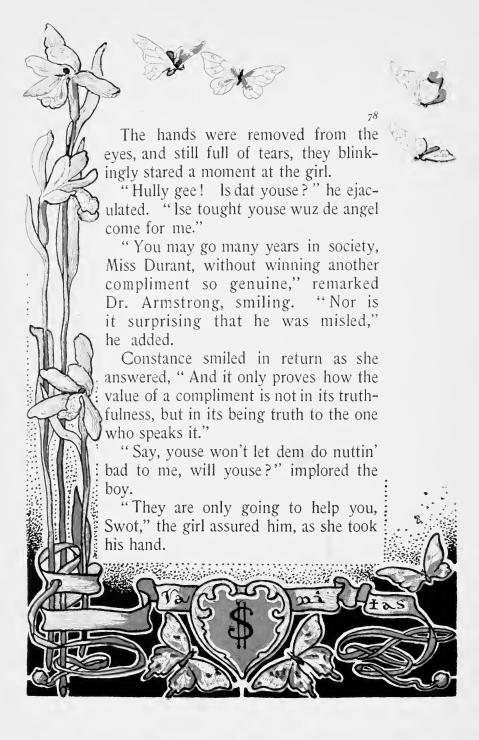


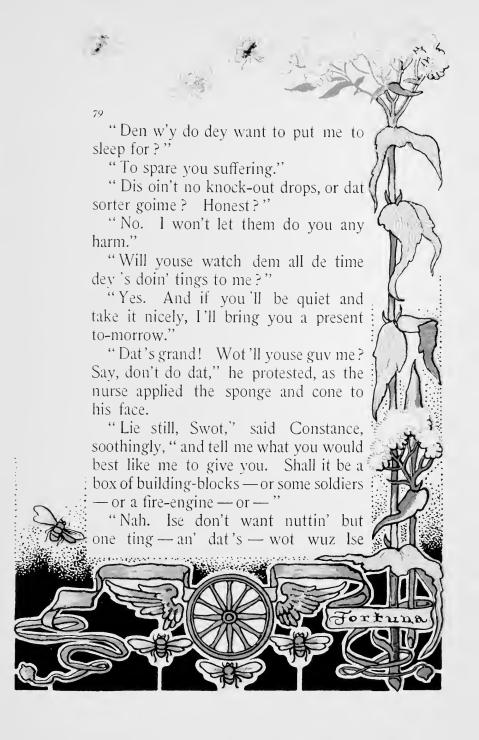


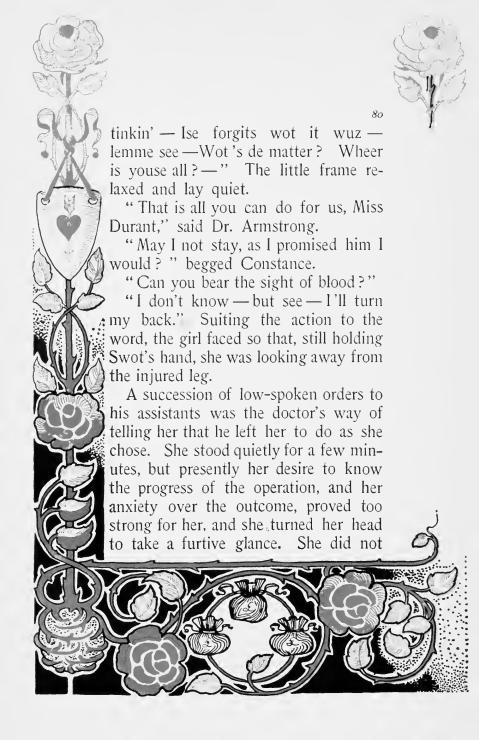




77 stairs and through the corridor. "Let me relieve you of the coat, Miss Durant," he advised, and took it from her and passed it over to one of the orderlies. Then, opening a door, he made way for her to enter. Constance passed into a medium-sized room, which a first glance showed her to be completely lined with marble; but there her investigations ceased, for her eyes rested on the glass table upon which lay the little fellow, while beside him stood a young doctor and a nurse. At the sound of her footsteps the boy turned his head till he caught sight of her, when, after an instant's stare, he surprised the girl by hiding his eyes and beginning to cry. "Ise knowed all along youse wuz goin' to kill me," he sobbed. "Why, Swot," cried Constance, going to his side. "Nobody is going to kill you."



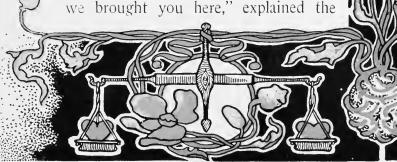


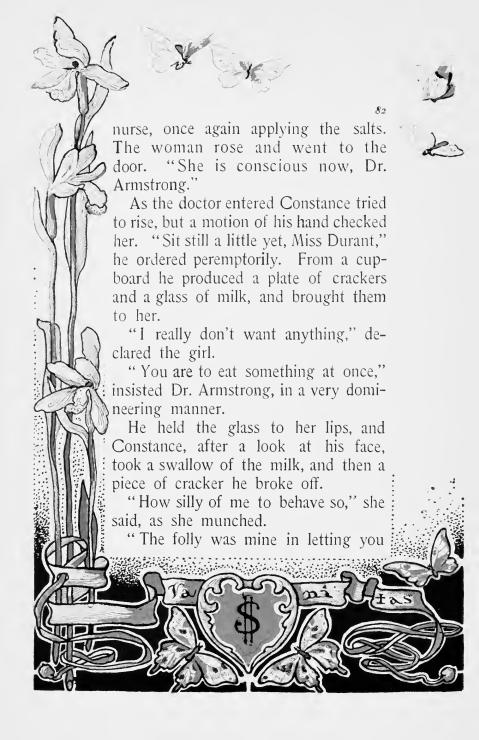


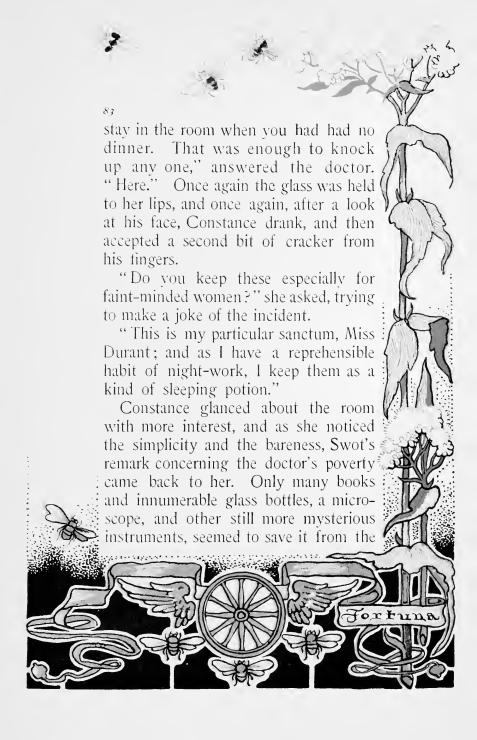
look away again, but with a strange mixture of fascination and squeamishness, she watched as the bleeding was stanched with sponges, each artery tied, and each muscle drawn aside, until finally the nerve was reached and removed: and she could not but feel both wonder and admiration as she noted how Dr. Armstrong's hands, at other times seemingly so much in his way, now did their work so skilfully and rapidly. Not till the operation was over, and the resulting wound was being sprayed with antiseptics, did the girl realize how cold and faint she felt, or how she was trembling. Dropping the hand of the boy, she caught at the operating-table, and then the room turned black.

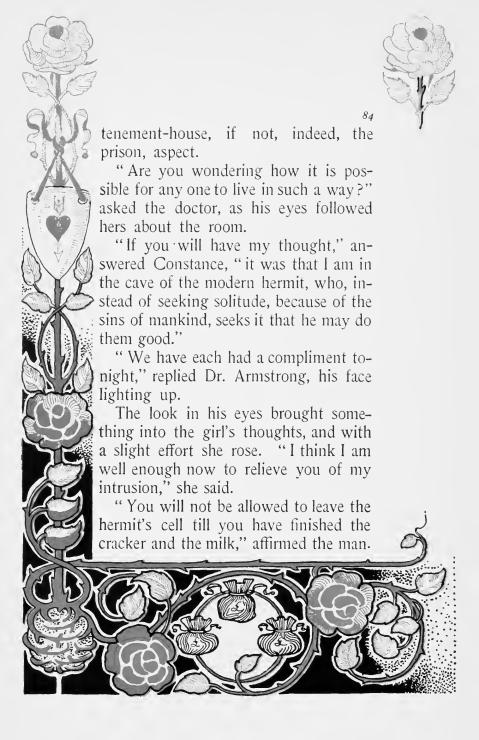
"It's really nothing," she asserted. "I only felt dizzy for an instant. Why! Where am 1?"

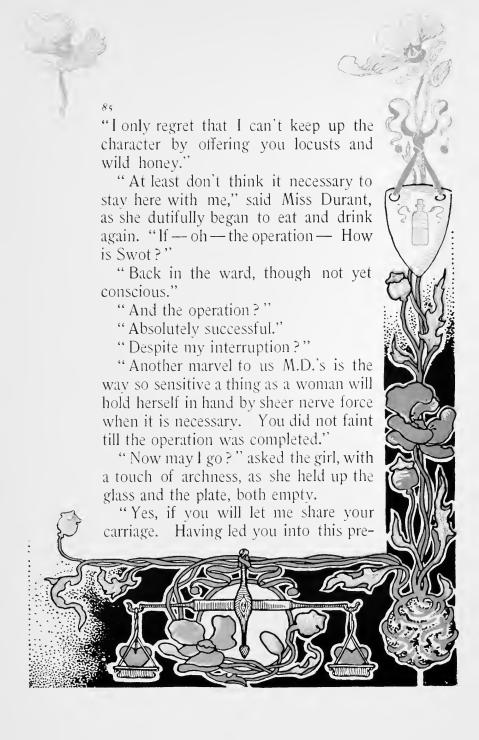
"You fainted away, Miss Durant, and we brought you here," explained the

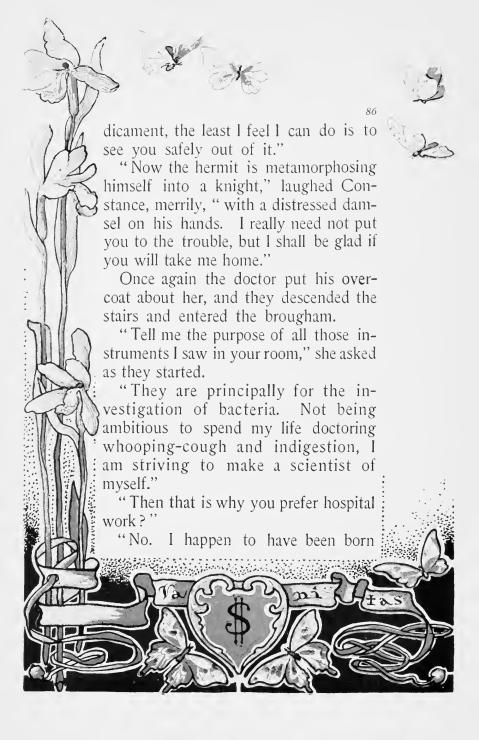


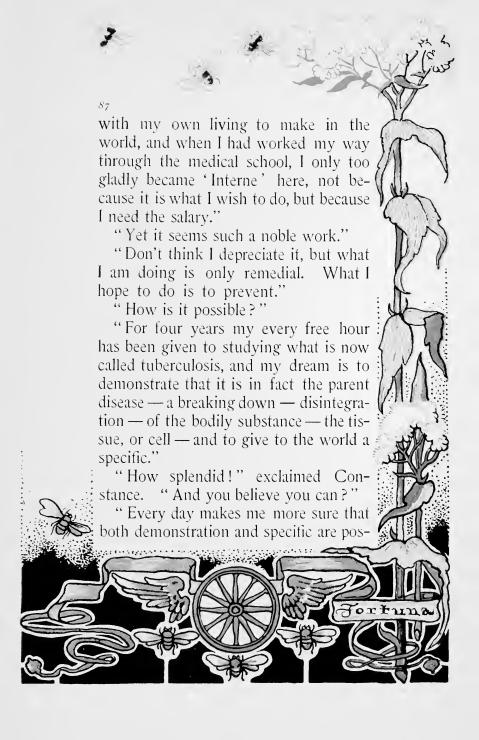


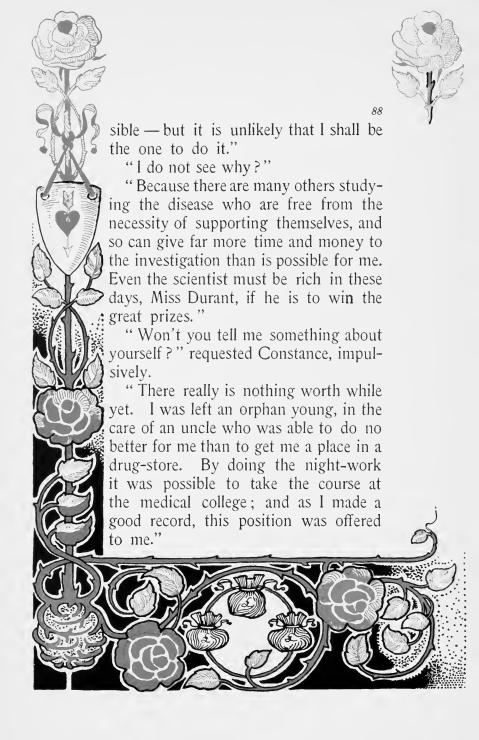


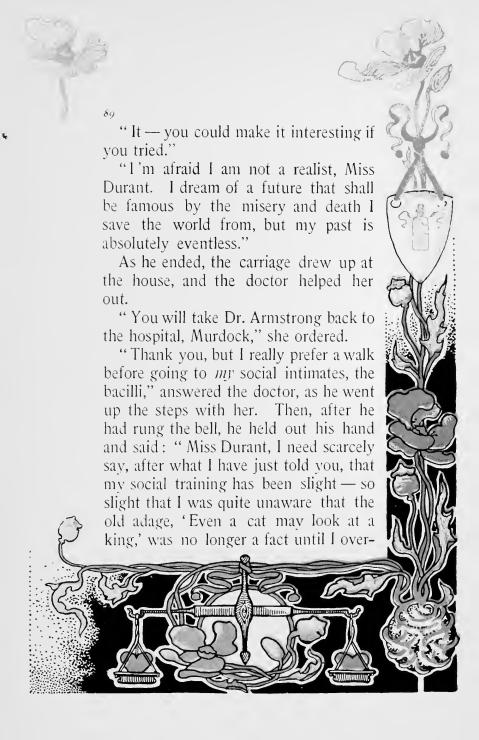


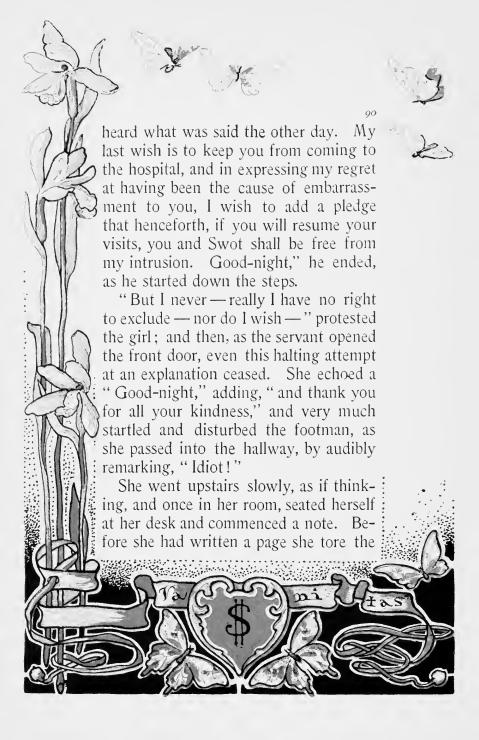


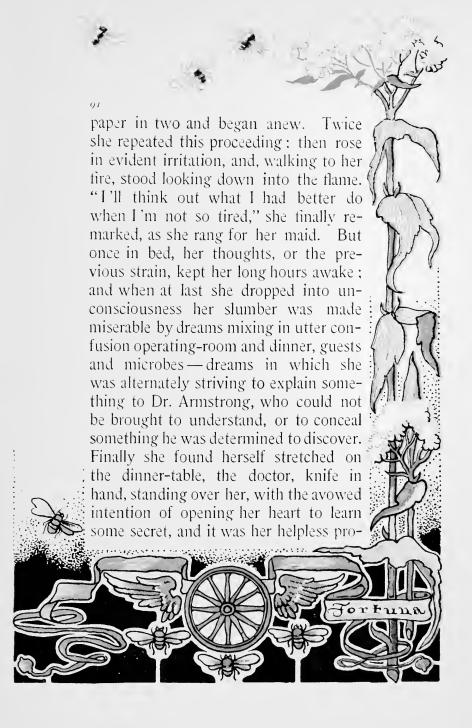


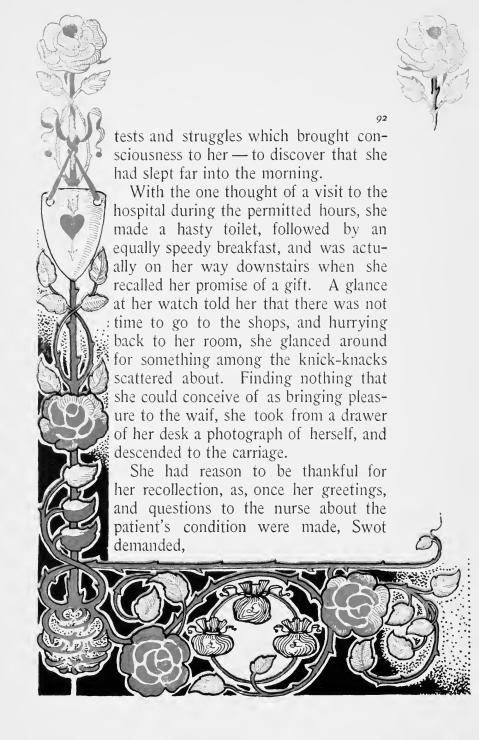




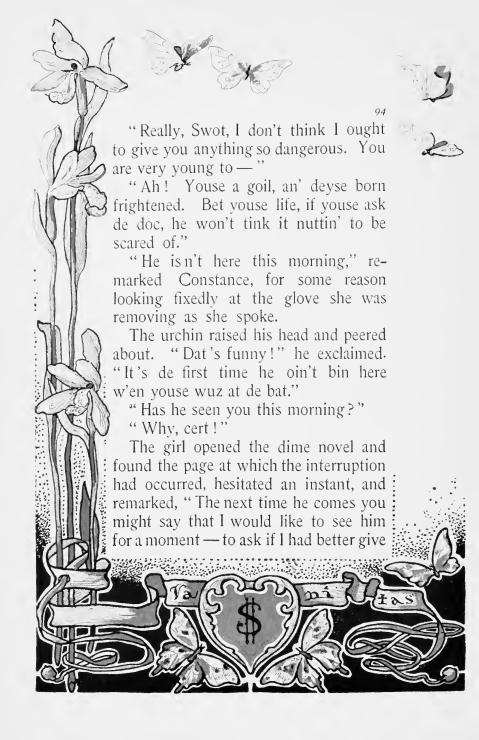


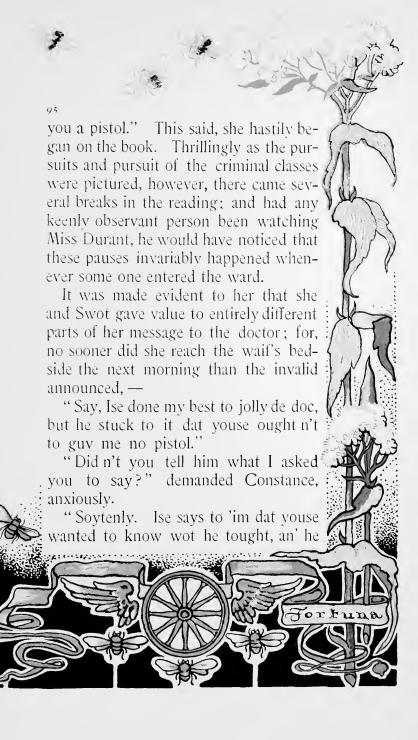


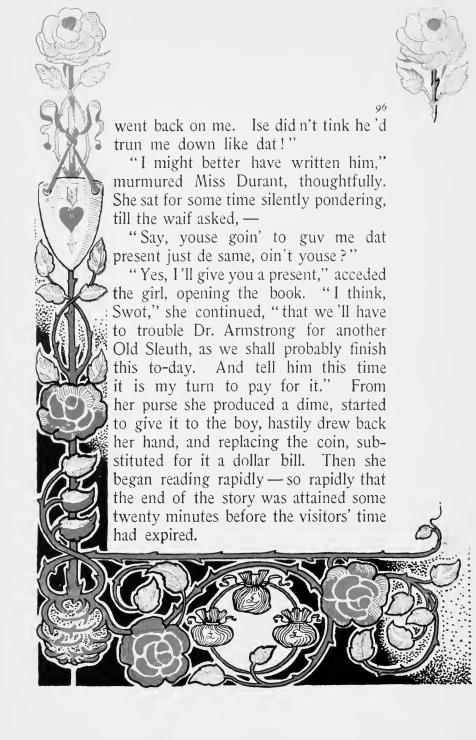


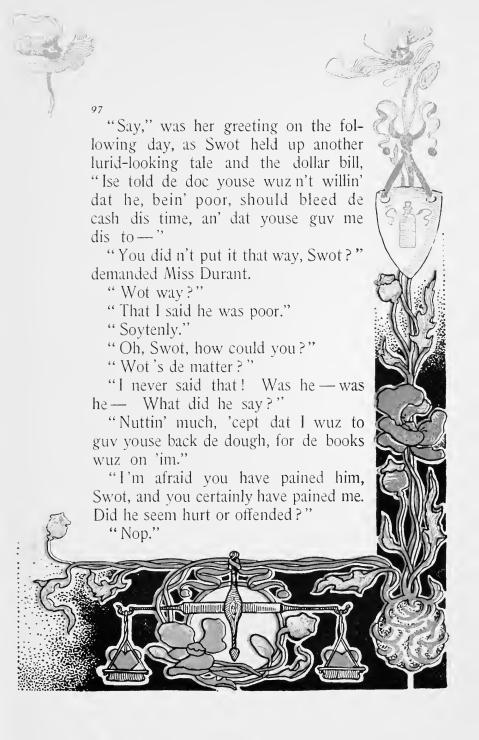


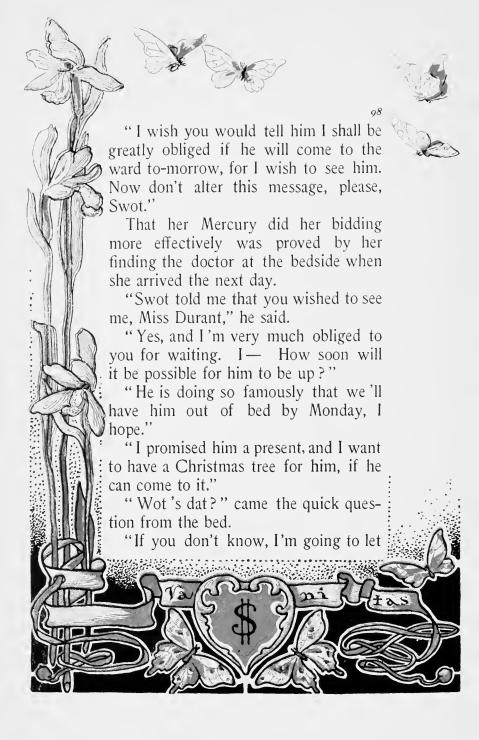
93 "Wheer's dat present dat youse promised me?" "I did not have time this morning to get something especially for you," she explained, handing him the portrait, "so for want of anything better, I've brought you my picture." The urchin took the gift and looked at both sides. "Wotinell's dat good for?" he demanded contemptuously. "I thought—hoped it might please you, as showing you that I had forgiven — that I liked you." "Ah, git on de floor an' look at vouseself," disgustedly remarked Swot. talk don't cut no ice wid me. did n't youse ask wot Ise wants? "And what would you like?" "Will youse guv me a pistol?" "Why, what would you do with it?" "I'd trow a scare into de big newsies w'en dev starts to chase me off de good beats."

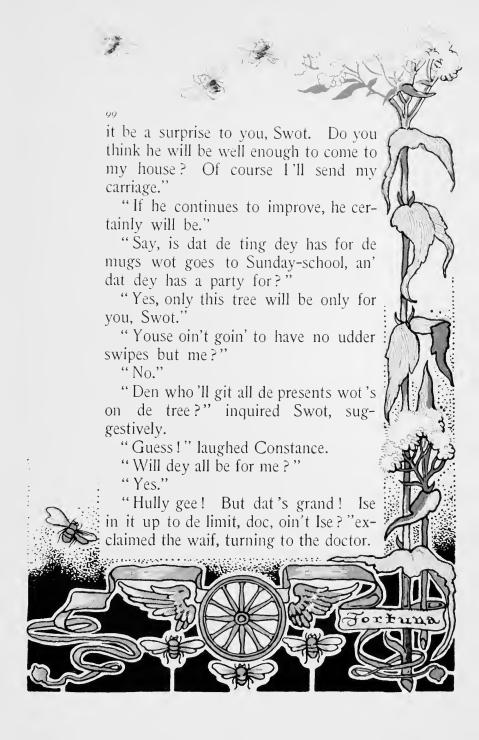


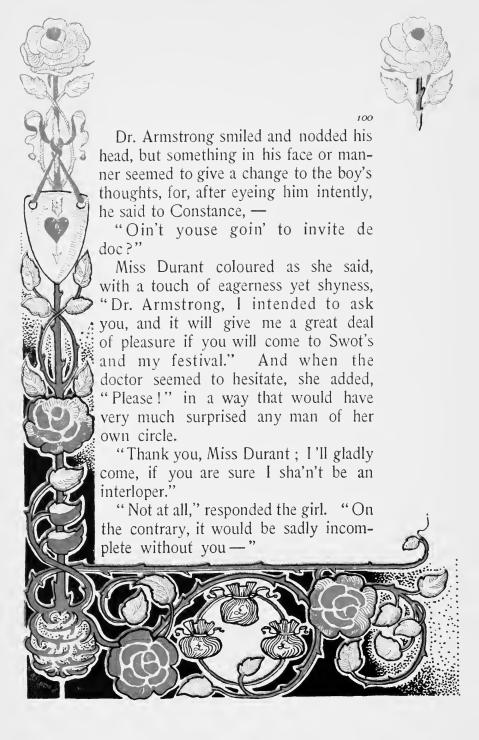


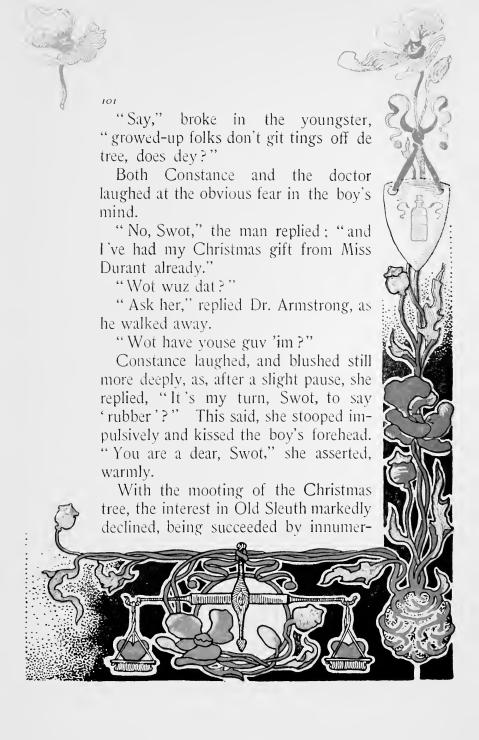


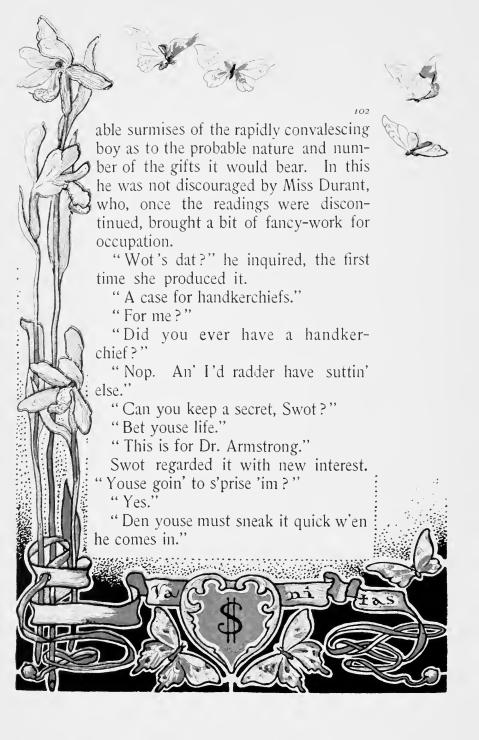


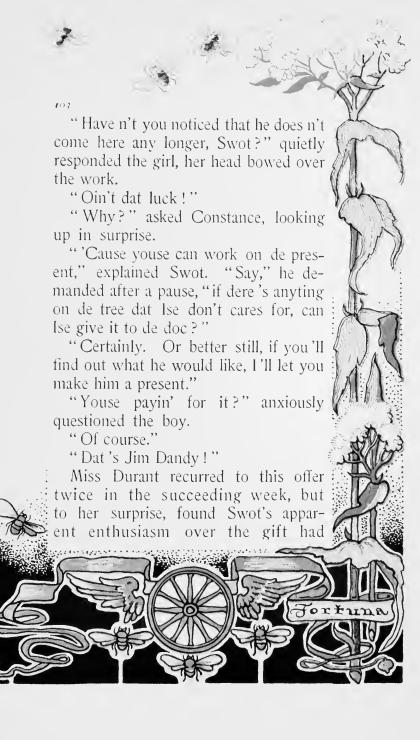


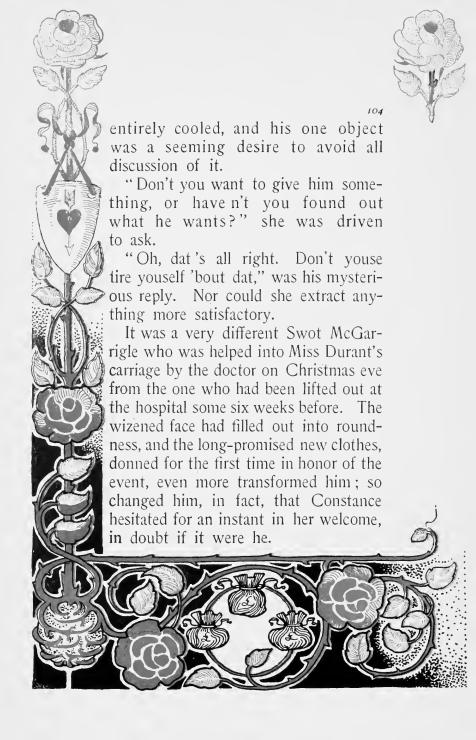




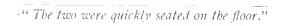








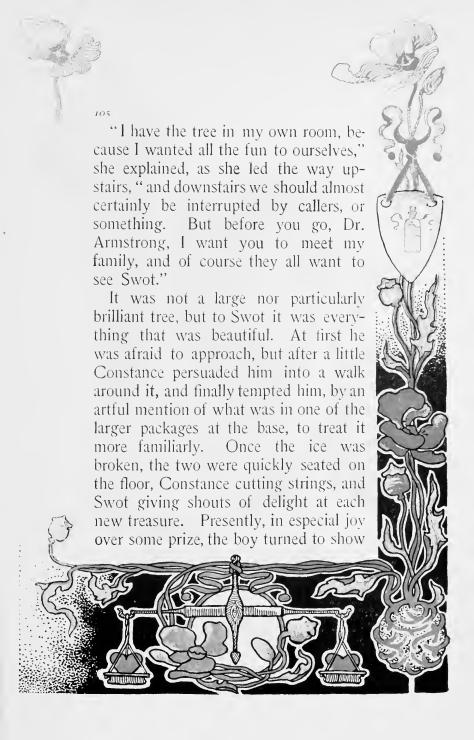


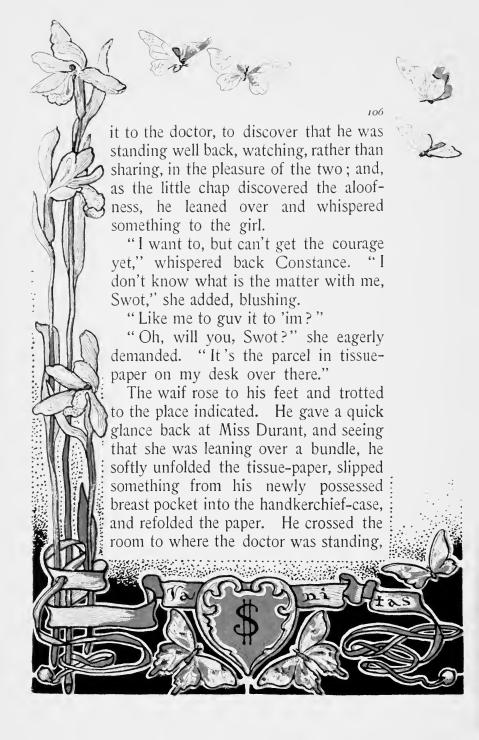


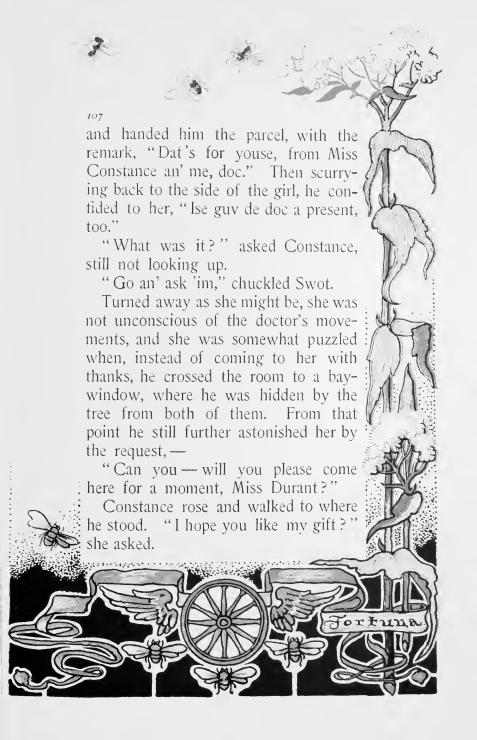


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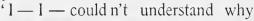
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"You could have given me nothing I have so wanted — nothing I shall treasure more," said the man, speaking low and fervently. "But did you realise what this would mean to me?" As he spoke, he raised his hand, and Constance saw, not the handkerchief-case, but a photograph of herself.

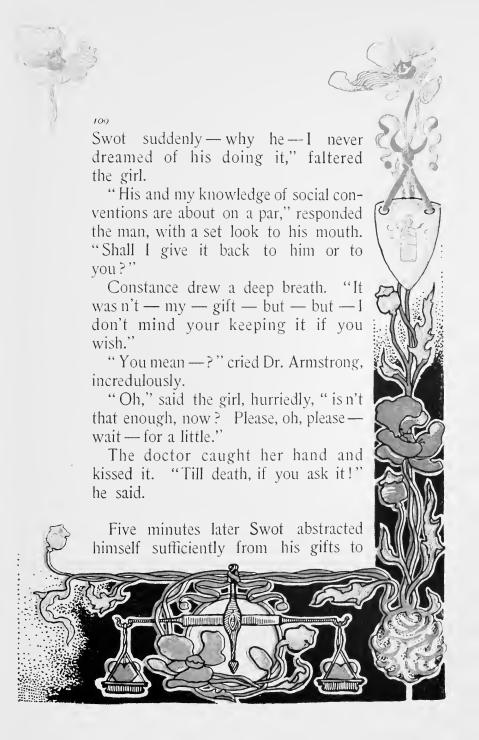
"Oh!" she gasped. "Where — I did n't — that was a picture I gave to

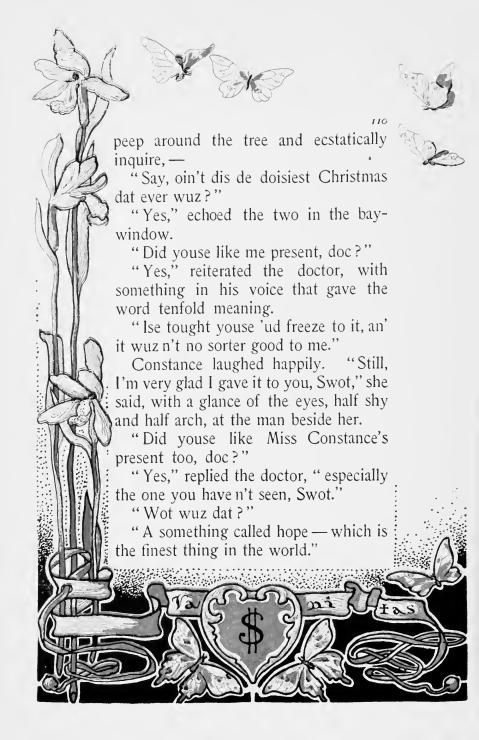
Swot. The case is my gift."

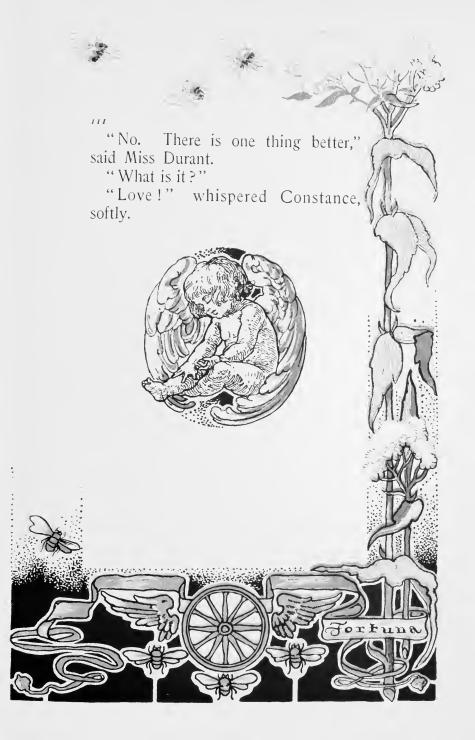
The doctor's hand dropped, and all the hope and fire went from his eyes. "I beg your pardon for being so foolish, Miss Durant. I—I lost my senses for a moment—or I would have known that you never—that the other was your gift." He stooped to pick it up from the floor where he had dropped it. "Thank you very deeply for your kindness, and—and try to forget my folly."















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